

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MARCH 11, 1939

WHO'S WHO

JAMES MAGNER writes of Mexico from direct, first-hand observation. Over many years Father Magner has taken time off from his teaching at Quigley Preparatory Seminary in Chicago, from his parochial duties and the lecture platform in order to study every phase of life below the Rio Grande. The *ejido* problem here studied is at the very heart of the "land reforms" widely advertised by propagandists for the present Cárdenas regime. . . . THE MOST REV. FRANCIS C. KELLEY, D.D., Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, draws from his rich store of reminiscences, soon to be published in book form, to illustrate the strange background in the United States, of presidential politics without which no one can fully understand the present Mexican scene. Former editor of *Extension*, author of *Problem Island* and of countless articles touching on Catholic life, Bishop Kelley has talked not only with Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson and Bryan, but with many another famous statesman and prelate without losing his joyful humor and superabundant good sense. . . . WILLIAM E. KERRISH, Boston advertising man, lecturer, apostle of radio and street speaking, believes that Catholics are neglecting a supreme opportunity for making the Church's teachings known through the secular press. He offers some practical suggestions on that score. . . . LEONARD FEENEY, on the other hand, returns from a midwinter trip to Montreal, eager to describe how the youth of Canada are fighting for a clean press, and wisely choosing to clarify that moot question as to what a clean press really is. . . . ALFRED BARRETT lays aside poetic rhythm and meter to tell how one layman engages in an unusual apostolate.

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COMMENT

ALL the world paused on March 2 as the news was flashed to every corner of the globe that a thin whiff of white smoke was seen ascending from the chimney in the Vatican, indicating that a new Pope had been chosen. Radio programs were cut short and a hook-up effected with the Piazza in front of the Vatican, telegraph wires were cleared to make way for the news of the announcement momentarily expected. It was a thrilling experience as we listened intensely for the word that the doors of the loggia above the portals of St. Peter's had been opened and Cardinal Caccia Dominion had appeared, to declare "to the city and the world" the person of the new Vicar of Christ. Shortly the strong clear voice of the Cardinal was heard: *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum*, and the deafening shout of joy and approval from the thousands gathered in the Piazza di San Pietro was echoed over the world as Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli was declared the new Sovereign Pontiff, with the title of Pius XII. Our congratulations are offered to the radio companies in this country for the magnificent manner in which they brought us the news, and to the American press for their superb handling of the news. To our well-beloved new Holy Father, Pius XII we offer our deepest love and warmest expression of devotion. May God grant him strength and courage, may his days be gladdened with peace and may the Spirit of Truth and Holiness guide all his actions for God, for the Church and for the nations!

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RECOGNITION of the Nationalist Government by France and Great Britain brings the question of our position in Spain directly home to our doors. What is the Administration going to do about recognition of the Franco Government? This country is in the singularly ludicrous position of having an accredited ambassador at Washington representative of a government that is non-existent. Manuel Azaña, former President of the Loyalist regime, has resigned and retired from any participation in Spanish affairs. It is admitted by the former president of the Cortes, Martinez Barrio, that the necessary quorum could not be assembled to act on the resignation of the President and provide for a successor. In a word, the Loyalist Government is completely smashed and, therefore, has ceased to function legitimately, even in the remotest manner. As AMERICA pointed out several weeks ago, Franco has a Government that is peaceably functioning throughout more than three-quarters of Spain. Every creditable observer admits that it is only a question of days when the remaining part of Loyalist Spain will yield to his Administration. It has been recognized by all the major powers of Europe and America, but the only word we hear from

Washington is that the Secretary of State is studying the situation. In the meantime we are allowing our opportunities to slip by, due to our bungling dilettantism. Whether we realize it or not, Spain exercises inestimable influence, both cultural and social, in Central and South America and it is our business to procure the good will necessary for advantageous relations with those countries. American interests demand immediate recognition of the only existent Spanish Government. We must recognize Franco now!

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THE BERKELEY Council of the Knights of Columbus in California, through its chairman, Charles F. Guenther, has notified the America Spanish Relief Fund of a plan it has devised for aiding in the purchase of the available surplus wheat here in America for shipment to the destitute in Spain. The plan calls for a dime a week from every member of the Council and it has met with such enthusiastic response that efforts have been made to have the scheme adopted by the Supreme Council. The Berkeley Knights argue, and rightly, that if every member of the entire organization were to contribute a weekly dime, \$20,000 monthly would be realized, enough to send a half-million bushels of wheat to the starving people of Madrid and Valencia. In the meantime the plan has captured the fancy of the Berkeley Council and the dimes have been pouring in to the office of the America Spanish Relief Fund in New York. Spain will need all the wheat we can send to her people the moment General Franco's relief workers can enter the remaining unconquered areas, where conditions of wide-spread misery and destitution prevail.

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VATICAN CITY, upon which the attention of the world is now concentrated, says the Very Rev. Coleman Nevils, S.J., in his article on "The Smallest State in the World" in the March *Geographic*, has such abundance of masterpieces of all ages for the instruction of scholars and artists that if some unthinkable catastrophe should destroy all the other collections, critics say the five great museums would suffice for the perpetuation of esthetic culture, pagan as well as Christian. "The Museo Pio Clementino is the oldest collection of antiquities in the world. The total manuscript collections in the Vatican Library numbers about 50,000. The Vatican Archives contain about 60,000 volumes, cassettes, and bundles, and in some of these there are as many as 2,000 documents. It is estimated that there are about 120,000 parchment and paper documents. There is a veritable labyrinth of indices." Illustrations and text provide in compact form an unusual abundance of accurate information upon

the ever fascinating intricacies and paradoxes of this smallest physically yet mightiest spiritually of the world's domains.

OUTLYING dependencies of the United States seem to have the honor of last communications with the late Pius XI. The last official communication to the episcopate of a country which Pope Pius XI prepared and signed as Pope was the Apostolic Letter to the Episcopate of the Philippines. The letter was dated January 18 and reached the Philippines on February 13. What is believed to have been the last message of greeting and felicitation which the Pope received from the episcopate of a country was cabled by the Bishops and Prefects Apostolic of the Islands, on February 9, at their annual conference. It was received in Rome at noon of the day preceding the Pope's death. The same bishops sent the first message of condolence to reach the Vatican; the entire Hierarchy was present and concurred in its dispatch on the day of the Holy Father's death. Most Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., was consecrated Bishop and Coadjutor Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, at St. Aloysius Church, Spokane, Wash., on Friday, February 24. Bishop Fitzgerald, who has been President of Gonzaga University and Provincial Superior of the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus, is the first native son of the State of Washington to become bishop. He will help Bishop Crimont, now advanced in years, in the mission field and will later succeed him. Bishop Fitzgerald, too, seems the last prelate to be appointed by the late Holy Father to an episcopal see.

CANADA is to be congratulated on the stand that has been made throughout the Dominion against the spread of indecent literature, as our readers will learn from the article by Leonard Feeney, S.J., in the *Literature* columns of this issue. But, lest anyone should be unaware of what is being done here in the United States, attention is called to the nation-wide campaign, inaugurated by the Most Rev. John F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, which began in his own diocese over a year and a half ago and has since spread to more than thirty dioceses throughout the country. Bishop Noll, as Chairman of the Bishops' Committee to combat the spread of pornographic literature, has campaigned vigorously and most successfully to clean out the filthy thrash that clutters the newsstands. The response from non-Catholics as well as Catholics has been most encouraging and there is every reason to believe that we can expect a cleanup of the magazine rack that parallels the successful campaign waged in this country against indecent motion pictures.

BY many competent authorities Marian Anderson is judged the greatest of all living concert singers. Rising tides of protest from individuals and organizations against the action of the Daughters of the

American Revolution in excluding her, on purely racial grounds, from Constitution Hall in Washington, D. C., should be seriously considered by those who have the cause of true Americanism at heart. The question at issue is not the legal matter of whether the D. A. R., as a private corporation, possess a right before the existing law to practise such an exclusion. It is much deeper, touching the consistency of such action with the actual profession of the Daughters and of the patriotic groups who naturally look to them for leadership. American democracy is based upon the conviction that each individual in our Republic is to be judged, for better or worse, as an individual and not as a member of a group. Any contrary philosophy leads logically to collectivism and to the ultimate subversion of democratic institutions. It makes no difference whether the exception is made in the name of race, or of national origins, or of religious adherence or of class affiliation. The result is inevitably the same, and in every instance flatly contradicts those principles for which the D. A. R. are supposed to stand. The first blood shed in the American Revolution was that of a Negro; and if descent from Revolutionary heroes stands for patriotism, it should stand for those principles upon which patriotism is founded. True patriotism rests not on words and lineage but on deeds.

NEWS is welcome that matters are being pushed for the cause of beatification of Mother Elizabeth Seton, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States and truly "American Woman." The final success of this much longed-for cause would forge one more intimate spiritual link between the Old World and the New, a link that cannot but commend itself to the new Pontiff who in person has trod the shores where Mother Seton was born first to the world and then to the Faith, where she lived and accomplished her immense work and where she died. American Catholics will pray ardently that God's blessing may be upon this cherished work.

MANY Americans are experiencing a new thrill, since the elevation of Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli to the Sovereign Pontificate. People are pointing out chairs in which Pius XII sat on the occasion of his visit to us. School children are telling their companions what a great privilege was theirs when they kissed his ring. Pullman porters are calling attention to their passengers that His Holiness occupied that particular berth. Airplane hostesses are recounting to their guests his observations on the scenery as he passed over various points of interest. Officials of the San Francisco Bay Bridge are pointing out to visitors to the Fair the exact spot where he stood when he blessed the bridge in the Fall of 1936. These are new experiences for us, as Pius XII is the first Pope who visited the United States. What we one and all will remember is the kindly charm of manner and democratic simplicity of the new Vicar of Christ.

New Mexican Land Owners Are Units of Communist Cells

Title to expropriated lands remains with the state

JAMES A. MAGNER

NO aspect of social and economic revolution in Mexico has received more determined attention from President Cárdenas than that of the expropriation of landed estates and their division among the landless Indians. This return to the *ejido* system, used by the Aztecs, has taken precedence over all other considerations, so that in his recent reply to the note of Mr. Hull, the Mexican President was able to reply:

Confronted with the inescapable obligation of carrying out the agrarian reform—undoubtedly the most important point of the revolutionary program—my Government must expropriate all the lands that may be necessary until their complete distribution, as is ordered by the constitution and the agrarian code of Mexico. . . . In view of the fact that the aspirations of the collectivity must prevail over individual interests, Mexico cannot refrain from carrying out the redistribution of the land although in doing so she might likewise affect foreigners.

The extent of the proposed reform is obvious in the fact that about seventy per cent of the Mexican population is settled on farms or in villages dependent upon agriculture. After the confiscation of the Church properties in 1856, the spoliation of communal Indian properties received a great impetus under the Liberal governments, so that as late as the Presidency of Plutarco Calles, eighty-five per cent of the agricultural lands of Mexico were in the hands of less than one per cent of the rural population. The basis of reform was laid by General Carranza, who issued a decree in 1915 invalidating colonization contracts. His promises to aid the popular agrarian movement, and material assistance from the Government of the United States, enabled him to consolidate his position as Chief Executive. Then, in Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917, his program was enacted by a declaration that the title of lands resided in the nation so that Mexican citizens had a right to such land as was necessary for their existence.

Thus was laid the basis of the agrarian expropriations. The particular form of division adopted, the *ejido*, has been made dependent upon the petition of twenty or more peasants, each over sixteen years of age and owning less than 2,500 pesos. A land grant is made after the approval of the state Agrarian Commission, in such form that the property is

assigned inalienably to the village or *ejido*. The members of the community are assigned sections of this property, for which they pay nothing, and, with state aid, may proceed to work it either as individuals or in cooperatives.

The first method of securing properties for the Indians was that of seizing lands which had been taken by fraud. When this method broke down, from lack of legal evidence, recourse was had to outright expropriation from the owners and donation to the Indian peasants. To provide some means of settlement, a law early in 1920 authorized the issuance of twenty-year five-per-cent Government bonds; but it was not until 1926 that any serious attempt was made at indemnity. As the expropriations worked out, an infinitesimally small percentage of land owners received any settlement. The lands were divided in an extremely arbitrary fashion. Owners were unwilling to accept the practically worthless Government bonds. The Indians who received lands generally found themselves in a worse state than before. By 1933, only 25,000,000 acres had been expropriated and proportioned to 942,000 peasants; and Calles, having become enormously rich during the process, announced that the agrarian reform was a failure.

The increasingly conservative policy of Calles, particularly in this regard, was the principal reason for the rift between himself and Cárdenas, and the latter as President decided to take the matter into his own hands. Armed with special powers, he has spent the major portion of his time going through the country, acting in the capacity of an agrarian dictator and setting up *ejidos* after expropriations which total over 60,000,000 acres since 1910. Some 1,700,000 peasants have thus been awarded lands, while their organizations have been militarized by the Government, to intimidate the remaining ranch owners, to protect their own properties, and to support the Government as a people's army in case the national troops show a disposition to revolt.

To provide finances for the *ejidos*, which have become cooperative societies under the guidance of the Government in virtue of Cárdenas' decision, the bank of Ejidal Credit has been established, and thus the peasant finds himself not merely indebted to the Government for a piece of land, but subor-

minated to it as part of an economic unit and under debt to it through the financial credit which he receives.

To demonstrate what can be done, the Mexican Government has expended its best efforts on the region known as La Laguna. A plain covering an area of 600,000 hectares (the hectare is 2.471 acres) of land in the states of Coahuila and Durango, La Laguna is adapted principally for the raising of cotton, but it is capable also of producing wheat, alfalfa and grapes in large quantities. It embraces a population of 240,849 persons, principally mestizos or Indians of mixed blood, of whom 111,790 live in 368 ejidal communities, with the balance in urban and semi-urban communities. According to a decree of the President, October 6, 1936, lands and waters were to be awarded to all the peasants of the region who presented approved petitions "with the understanding that if within the legal radius of the expropriation there were not sufficient lands for all their wants, they could, with respect to their rights, be transferred at the cost of the Government to other zones where there are lands available to satisfy their needs." Societies of ejidal credit were organized to draw upon the National Bank of Ejidal Credit to supply the needs of the settlers.

In his report on the enterprise, from September, 1936, to August, 1937, the President announced that the National Bank of Ejidal Credit had expended \$31,000,000 up to June 30, 1937, in the Laguna region, in addition to \$20,000,000 which it distributed by August in credit among the ejidatarians of the entire country. These and subsequent figures are in the Mexican peso, valued in the present depreciated exchange at five to the American dollar. By this latter date, 30,076 ejidatarians had been grouped in local societies of Ejidal Credit, operating 101,718 hectares of land.

Inasmuch as this bank is simply a branch of public benefice in the service of a social class, there was no serious hope of the return of these loans or expenditures. Nevertheless the President felt that there was ample guarantee in

the confidence which the Government of the Revolution has in the workers of the land: an unlimited confidence that these workers know how to stimulate their social and economic function in rural life; a faith in their productive capacity; an unbreakable conviction in the sense of responsibility of the masses; a very strong security that the Revolution has been incarnated in the individuals and collectivities—this will have to follow its ascending course up to the realization of the objectives which the Revolution itself has pointed out.

The fiscal results have hardly justified this confidence. In spite of enormous Government expenditures, the great experiment yielded a crop of cotton nineteen per cent less than that of the year 1932-33, which was considered one of the poorest in the Laguna region. As compared with the prediction of July, 1937, that the Laguna cotton would arrive at 150,000 bales, the crop estimated in April, 1938, reached only 82,500 bales.

As a result, the disillusioned ejidatarians discovered that, far from profiting for the year, they were in debt to the Ejidal Bank to the extent of

\$85,000, which they refused to acknowledge. In a letter published at Torreon they warned the new *ejidos* of what had happened, namely "that the product of their toil and sweat had disappeared and gone back to the Bank."

The same disaster overtook the wheat crop. In spite of a loss of nearly \$6,500,000, however, the Ejidal Bank paid out, in the form of benefits, some \$465,000. Where this sum came from is difficult to say; but, distributed among 2,273 ejidatarians, it represents a daily grant of 56½ centavos. This, added to the peso and one-half paid, "on account," as the daily profit of the worker, makes a total of a little over two and one-half pesos a day, or about 50 cents in American exchange.

According to available data, the partitioned lands in the Laguna region have a taxed value of \$55,000,000. About one-third of the area is under irrigation, planned and paid for by the despoiled proprietors at a cost of \$31,000,000 with an annual upkeep amounting to \$800,000. In addition, at the time of the expropriation, the investment of the private owners in draw-wells totaled \$15,000,000 with a monthly cost of operation averaging \$1,000. Tractors, cotton gins, and other farm machinery had a total value of about \$20,500,000. The private initiative represented in these improvements has been severely denounced, with the owners stripped of their properties and condemned as exploiters of the peasants, to whom they gave regular work with wages equally as good as, and far less encumbered than, the fictitious profits of a Government benefice already in bankruptcy.

The same, if not more deplorable, situation exists in other parts of the country, notably Yucatan, where the hennequin plantations, for binders' twine, have been expropriated and partitioned to peasants' cooperatives under the direction of local politicians. The hennequin plant takes seven years to reach maturity, and during this time, the proprietor must bear the costs of his investment. There are plenty of idle lands which the Government might well take over and place under cultivation; but the regular procedure is to seize the improved properties and turn out their owners as the enemies of society, just as they are about to make some return on their investment.

As a result of this new system, which is typically communistic, the Indian worker finds himself worse off than before and deprived of the protection and aid which he normally received from the plantation owners in lean years. In spite of the official enthusiasm that hails this plan as the emancipation of the rural masses, it is becoming increasingly evident that the ejidal system, as now oriented, has for its supreme finality the creation of a permanent state of economic slavery in the worker who, in the words of one observer, "as a new servant of the Ejidal Bank, and consequently of the state, can do nothing by himself and is obliged by his situation to depend constantly and entirely upon the state."

The point, overlooked by many idealists, is that the vast majority of the Indian peasants are children in their outlook and capabilities. Left to them-

selves, they will raise only enough to subsist upon; and the modern state cannot hold together or speak of a national economy on this basis. In their present condition of illiteracy and of instability, engendered by 150 years of civil wars, they are easily aroused to make demands far in excess of their capacities; and not all the high sounding phrases in the world can emancipate them from the need of direction and protection.

Today, under the interpretation of President Cárdenas, the ejidatarians are not even regarded as proprietors, but as individuals in cooperative cells working on nationalized properties under the direction of a Government bank. The prospects are none too bright either for the workers or the nation. And private planters are not going to make improvements or plant seed on land that will be seized as grist for the mill of "the agrarian reform."

A TEACHER OF LITURGICAL LATIN

ALFRED BARRETT, S.J.

NEW YORK is a city of novenas, and I suppose the same may be said for the rest of Catholic America. Conversations are interrupted with the apology that there is just time to make the 5:15 service. Six-foot Irishmen of Gotham's "finest" are detailed to serve as sidewalk ushers outside churches in the Hebraic cloak-and-suit district. The unvarying response to inquiries about why people throng to novenas is that novenas satisfy the need for a more intimate, more emotional, if you will, participation in worship; that the prayers mean so much more when they are said collectively and in the vernacular.

This article serves to introduce Wilfrid Diamond, who, unless he be stopped, looms as a menace to novenas; not that novenas are not good, when they are approved by the Church, but that an intelligent participation in and a fruitful awareness of the *official* prayer of the Church is better. Wilfrid Diamond conducts a correspondence course in liturgical Latin that seemingly enables the laity, nuns and even priests, for whom such tongue-twisters as *nycticorax* are not the only distractions in the complicated phraseology of the psalms, to understand the Divine Office and read the breviary *rite, attente et devote*.

Here is the testimony of a convert who studied Latin at long-range under Mr. Diamond and who, in company with his non-Catholic wife, closes each day by the recitation of Compline:

Many years ago when I discovered the psalms, they made such an impression on me that I got down on my knees and kissed the book in my hands.

Then, I did not know that the One, True Church had evaluated them centuries before to such an extent that her priests daily read or sing them in choir or privately. The concept of prayer throughout them seemed so sublime and majestic, and so far above the petty petitions which I ignorantly supposed represented the Catholic idea of prayer.

This convert began his liturgical initiation as a Catholic with the daily missal, and it was only after he experienced the relish of participation in the Holy Sacrifice that he discovered the Mass' complement, the breviary. But he knew no Latin, and was not greatly encouraged by the doubts of Father Martindale, who once wrote, "in my heart, of course, I hope that simple Church Latin classes will become very numerous indeed." He felt, with Father Ronald Knox, that "Church Latin was not meant to mystify. It was meant to express, not to conceal, the emotions and aspirations of the universal Church." But Church Latin did mystify him until he heard of Wilfrid Diamond.

I had heard enough of Mr. Diamond's work to have my curiosity aroused as to the method and the man. Our interview closed with his giving me, besides a complete set of mimeographed lessons, a curious impression of how an apostolic hobby can take hold of a man as strongly as, say, the passion for collecting stamps, and yet be so much more rewarding than the satisfaction one gets from the candid camera fad.

For the teaching of Church Latin is only a hobby with Mr. Diamond. His living is earned working on Pier 66 for the Lehigh Valley Railroad. He was born in England and came to America thirteen years ago. The combination of an unusual memory and a series of brilliant Latin teachers in his school days at Stonyhurst, the Jesuit college, plus the circumstance that he is allergic to using the Brooklyn subway, gave birth to his idea of a correspondence course in Latin.

Mr. Diamond had joined a group in Brooklyn that calls itself "Approved Workmen"; not a labor union, but an organization that thus disguises its real nature with a name taken from the second Epistle to Timothy, ii, 15: "Carefully study to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth." The purpose of this laymen's group is to meet at each others' homes and in St. Peter Claver's Church to recite Matins and Lauds and sometimes the entire Office. Many of them found that they were mishandling the word of truth by not knowing the Latin. They appealed to Mr. Diamond, who instructed them for a while, then, tiring of the trip, began to send them their lessons by mail.

Somehow the word got around, and now Mr. Diamond spends his evenings and holidays pondering over the exercises of a small army of 350 people in more than a hundred towns in the United States, and in Rome, Mexico, France, Egypt, Switzerland, England, Ireland, Scotland, Newfoundland, Canada, British Guiana, The Gold Coast, Australia and New Zealand! I have before me a long list of testimonials from Carmelite nuns, seminarians, choir directors, Marist Brothers, doctors, housewives and other

lay people, that pay tribute not alone to the end result of understanding the Latin they say or sing, but of the pleasure that was derived from communication with so inspiring a teacher.

For it has been Mr. Diamond's experience that he cannot rest with teaching Church Latin alone. Personal interest enters very largely into the work, and he finds himself, as it were, the spiritual father of an increasing number of devout Catholics, for whom he recommends books and magazines, encourages devotions, selects patron saints and fosters vocations. Not all on the roster are Catholics, for it includes two colored Baptist ministers and two Episcopalian divines, one of whom says the entire Office and ambitions giving his acolytes a love for Latin.

The course of thirty-four lessons is simplicity itself. It covers all the necessary grammar, takes in the ordinary prayers, the hymns for Benediction, many of the Psalms and prayers of the Office and the liturgy of the Mass. It is all neatly mimeographed and there are three booklets of exercises, which are mailed in for correction by Mr. Diamond. Some convents have one of the Sisters correct their exercises. Two features strike me as unique: the selection of words for vocabulary practice exclusively from the liturgy, and not from Caesar or Cicero, and the emphasis on personal correction of exercises, which, so says Mr. Diamond, far from engendering impatience, is good practice in mental prayer!

How many Catholics, for instance, who devoutly sing the *Tantum Ergo* at Benediction know what it is all about? Given an attentive study of Mr. Diamond's earlier exercises, they would know, in Lesson 33, that *ergo* links the opening stanzas with two not usually sung, and that *cernui* is not the dative, but the nominative plural of *cernuus*, an adjective meaning "with bent heads," thus accounting for the reason why heads are bowed at the phrase. This illustrates the procedure throughout.

The question of finance interested me. Mr. Diamond makes no charge for the course to those who are unable to pay. If a donation for expenses is made, it is usually five dollars, should correction be desired, and two dollars for the lessons alone. Mr. Diamond has received as little as a dime, though the mailing costs two dollars. One Annie Oakley Latinist amused him with the complaint that she thought she should get her course in the form of a book!

I sincerely hope that no reader will further burden Mr. Diamond by attempting to join his correspondence course. The sole purpose of this article is that others may come to his aid, and perhaps prevail on him to standardize his lessons so that mentors in many cities may help swell the chorus of praise.

Mr. Diamond would be very happy if this publicity, of which he is extremely shy, should result in getting his course into some of our Catholic High Schools. A start has already been made in the Jesuit High School at Los Angeles, where Father Arthur Falvey, S.J., gave it to the boys as a Lenten course.

A final word about Wilfrid Diamond himself. The measure of his success as a teacher is the measure of his enthusiasm, which is not alone confined to teaching ecclesiastical Latin. He hopes some day to write the Catholic Industrial Novel. He once ran a magazine for boys, and middle age has not robbed him of his passion for athletics. Although rather slight of build, he contested in the British Empire wrestling finals of 1924, and toured England as a professional weight-lifter in a carnival, having previously won all records in weight-lifting as a Lancashire amateur.

The fact that he is also a jiu-jitsu expert may account for his dexterity in the manly art of mastering the gerund. He wrote a book on the subject for the London police and is adapting it for the force in New York. "Look, Father," he exclaimed, "I can show you a hold that enables you to sit on a man's head, break both arms and choke him with a single motion!" With all due respect for Mr. Diamond's chiropractic ability, I preferred to talk of Church Latin.

A BOSTON APOSTLE

WILLIAM E. KERRISH

THE famous English Jesuit, the late Father Bernard Vaughan, once asked a pious old Irish woman to say a prayer for the success of his work for the non-Catholics of England. "Indeed, and I will not," came the retort. "And why?" said Father Vaughan. "The Holy Faith is too good for the likes of them," she replied. This was hardly a Catholic attitude, although in her case sincere enough, no doubt. Today we Catholics hear the clear call of our late leader, Pope Pius XI, to "go to the poor." Surely he referred not only to the materially poor, but to the *real* poor—those without the full Light of Divine Faith, with its peace and its understanding, even in an age of religious confusion and of supreme crisis.

The Pope makes clear that the Faith is not the legacy of any class, or of any race; all mankind has been chosen through Christ the Redeemer, in a supreme gesture of Divine universality.

Such at least was my own understanding of the mission of Catholic Christianity in the modern world, when, during the emotional stress of the World War, I came, as a pilgrim, to the gates of Truth. Impelled by gratitude for the incomparable gift of the true Faith of Christ, after many searchings among the sects, some fifteen years ago I sought the advice of the proper diocesan authority in the matter of giving informal talks on Catholic doctrine to non-Catholic religious organizations which might be willing to listen to a layman expound unofficially, to the best of his ability, the basic truths of the Catholic religion.

My first public appearance at a non-Catholic church was at Center Methodist Episcopal Church, at Malden, Mass., where I went at the invitation of the minister, the Rev. Dr. H. H. Crane, now one of Methodism's leading pulpit orators. The minister arranged for a quarter-page advertisement of the event in the local press announcing that I would speak as a representative Catholic layman, "with permission of the Right Rev. Monsignor Richard Neagle," Dean of the Catholic clergy of that section of the Archdiocese of Boston. Previous to my acceptance of Dr. Crane's invitation to address his congregation on the truths of Faith, I spent a pleasant evening at his home. He first wished me to speak on the points of dogmatic similarity in Methodism and Catholic Christianity. I told him that I would prefer to leave these deductions to his own people, and I offered to speak on the Divinity of Christ, and the four marks of the Roman Catholic Church. This topic was finally agreed upon. A very attentive and clearly appreciative audience followed my simple words with close attention. Practically the entire congregation of several hundred persons came forward at the close of my forty-five-minute address to shake hands with me, to welcome me to their church and to say brief words of thanks, and to give various expressions of their happiness that a Catholic speaker had come to them to explain Catholic doctrine.

During the exercises the entire congregation sang with gusto and religious spirit two "Catholic" hymns which had been specially selected for the occasion, namely *Lead Kindly Light*—Newman's immortal prayer—and that stirring hymn, *When I survey the wondrous Cross, on which the Prince of Glory died*, written by the man who later became Father Faber.

I thought, then, what a good thing it would be if our Catholic laity could be induced to raise their united voice to God in the grand old hymns of the Church, with the religious spirit of these Methodists. The congregational singing of the hymns appeared to me to be an act of corporate worship to God in the Christian spirit, as there was nothing of the emotionalism of religious revivals in the quality of the singing. It revealed a spirit of deep piety.

Another occasion which gave me an opportunity to feel my way into what has now become a more or less fixed avocation was a visit I paid to the well-known Second Congregational Church, at Waterbury, Conn. The minister of this church wished to have the subject of religious unity from the Catholic standpoint discussed at the Sunday evening service. After receiving permission from the late Bishop Nilan of Hartford to appear in his diocese on such a mission, I filled the engagement, speaking in kindly but positive fashion, to the best of my knowledge as a layman, on the teachings of the Popes of modern times, with regard to the vital need "that they may all be one." Following this discussion, I then gave an outline of the Catholic meaning of the dogma of infallibility, a question widely misunderstood by most non-Catholics and not very accurately understood by many Catholic

laymen with whom I have come into contact since entering the Church.

At the close of my talk, written questions were collected by the ushers and passed in by the minister who read them out as he handed them to me. Some of these questions were: "Does your Pope become 'psychic' when he makes an *ex cathedra* pronouncement?" "How does your Church feel about the Bible?" "Why did the Church support the Spanish Inquisition?" A number of questions were also put to me by a group of young men in the church vestry, all in a spirit of sincere interest and inquiry. The following morning the Waterbury *Republican*, which paper evidently had a reporter present, gave a two-column, ten-inch report of my address, which on the whole gave a true picture of my presentation of the teachings and practice of the Catholic Church.

A recent visit to Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Lynn, Mass., resulted in a comprehensive report published in the *Lynn Telegram News*. The minister of this church told me that he himself attended Mass in the Catholic Church from time to time, as he was making a study of the forms of worship followed by Catholics, feeling that his church could profit thereby. A trained singer, experienced in rendering Catholic hymns, gave several offerings to round out the program on this occasion, which was referred to as "Catholic Night."

Within recent months I have had the satisfaction of receiving the active cooperation and moral support of the Massachusetts Council of Churches and the Greater Boston Federation of Churches in the matter of securing suitable engagements before non-Catholic religious groups. It is also a source of deep happiness to me that the Catholic Bishops of New England have had no objections to the unofficial lay work I have briefly outlined in this article. During the fifteen years in which I have tried to carry on this little "apostolate of better understanding," I have spoken in such places as Tufts College, Somerville; Trinity Church Rectory, Boston, and also in Unitarian, Universalist and Congregational churches.

As a sequel to these activities among non-Catholic Christians in New England, I am to address the Brotherhood of Temple Ohabei Shalom, of Brookline, Mass., the leading Jewish Temple in metropolitan Boston. In this case my topic will be, "Supernatural religious Faith—its meaning today."

From this brief outline of my own small efforts to make known the reason for the Faith that is in me, it may be gathered that there exists today among many minds outside the visible fold of Christ's Church a spirit of real inquiry with regard to things Catholic, which did not exist in non-Catholic Christianity, to any appreciable extent, before the World War. That non-Catholics of religious mind and spirit are now willing to "hear the Church" even from a humble layman, one who makes no claim to be either an official theologian or a preacher, should cause us to realize the opportunities we have of making the Church known and understood, and even followed.

HISTORY POINTS FINGER AT U. S. A. FOR MEXICAN TROUBLES

Personal experiences during the Wilson administration

MOST REV. FRANCIS C. KELLEY, D.D.

AS a nation our people are appallingly ignorant of any history other than their own; hence our many mistakes in passing judgment on Mexican troubles. We inherited, too, a great deal of English indifference for outside problems, as well as the English habit of looking only at the bulge in other people's pockets. Neither the English nor ourselves try to learn foreign languages, but we are worse than the English on that point. They at least have their trained diplomatic performing seals whose tricks bring trade returns. We play and pay high for our fun without knowing the game. And even in diplomacy we are burdened with hearts. But on our Mexican neighbor we have usually turned the jaundiced eye of age-old and unreasoning religious prejudice. My first shock, when I began to study the history of Mexico, was not in discovering the faults of Mexicans but in seeing our own. History tells the unprejudiced student of Mexico that we have been chiefly responsible for a century-old process of meddling which inevitably led to our neighbor's ruin.

One of the first problems coming out of the Carranza-Villa persecution was how to supply a clergy for the future, since the Mexican seminaries had been closed and confiscated. Their former students had often been impressed into the revolutionary army. The exiled bishops begged our organization to open a seminary in this country. In March, 1915, it was done. Before a month was over we had one hundred bedraggled theologians from across the border knocking at its door. I should have been glad had there been more, for every priest educated in the new seminary—we had taken over a building in Castroville, Texas, for it—could not fail to go back as a missionary of good will.

When the opening of the seminary at Castroville was announced I stated that we had only money enough to run it for three months, but it remained open and at work for three years. The money came in. About one hundred priests went from its classrooms back across the border. If I remember rightly only fourteen were left unordained at the end of three years. These took their last year of theology elsewhere. Digging into records I found two small but interesting booklets, one dated March 1, 1925 and the other June 1 of the same year, of the

Boletin de los Exalumnos del Seminario Nacional Mexicano de San Felipe Neri. Our graduates had formed a little association at home, though death, even martyrdom, had taken toll of them. The first rector at Castroville was the Bishop of Tulancingo, who later became Archbishop of Linares (Monterey). Six bishops lived at one time in the seminary. The last rector was Dr. Manuel Reynoso, and the faculty was made up of former professors from Mexico. There is now at least one bishop among the alumni.

It was a joy to work for the exiles, but there were shocks. One in particular I shall always remember. The exiled bishops and priests in San Antonio had been clothed and cared for, when I heard stories of want in Vera Cruz and started for Galveston to see if I could get a boat for that port. There I met Chaplain Joyce of the United States Army who told me that he had done all that could be done in Mexico, first at his own expense and then on borrowed money. I arranged to return the borrowed money to him. He informed me that most of the Vera Cruz exiles had been sent to Havana, but that some of them could be found in New Orleans, a good many in Galveston. A group of the exiles met me in the cathedral rectory there and I sat down to listen to their stories. One was a medical man of Irish-Spanish descent named Muldoon who spoke little English and was concerned less about himself than about "two little red-headed Irish boys left in Tabasco." The most distinguished member of the group was Frederick Gamboa, who had been Secretary of State in Mexico and the writer of devastating diplomatic notes to Secretary Bryan. As a maker of devastating notes of that kind Gamboa was a marvel. He has since had a distinguished literary career. When I heard their stories, my first thought was to show these exiles that at the root of their troubles were the old persecuting Laws of Reform of 1857; pointing out how impossible it would be for such things to happen in the United States, the Constitution of which, in the main, assigned the state to its proper sphere and protected the rights of conscience. "Your whole trouble," I said to them, "comes from Juarez and the Laws of Reform. If you are going to do anything to help yourselves, lift the banner of liberty

of conscience. If you do not, matters will go from bad to worse until at last no liberty at all will be left in Mexico."

To my astonishment several members of the group disagreed with me and defended both Juarez and the persecuting laws. I remember how one, a lawyer who had proclaimed himself a fervent Catholic, told me that what was good for the United States would never work in Mexico.

"I admit," he said, "that everything we have came from the Church; religion, education, social service, prosperity. But Mexico wanted a complete government by the laity. To get it we had to have laws which, I admit, were unjust to the people and oppressed the Church. To pay for the revolution we had to seize the property of the Church. It is quite true to say, as you do, that thereby we lost much. We are Catholics and we want the spiritual ministrations of the Church. We do not want her persecuted. But to be absolutely sure that the clergy, who are our best educated group, cannot enter public life we must have laws which may be invoked at any time as a club to beat them down." He certainly was frankness personified.

"Do you not realize," I argued, "that if you want a democracy you cannot build it on persecuting laws, the very existence of which proclaims that your liberty is only a sham?"

"I believe," he said, "in the ideas of Porfirio Diaz which called for the laws to be kept in existence but not to be enforced. We had no persecution under Diaz."

"Without admitting that there was no persecution under Diaz, suppose that instead of Diaz you had had a Villa?"

"I am suffering," he said, "because we have had a Villa; nevertheless I firmly believe that the Laws of Reform should be retained."

Argument was useless. The man admitted that his position was unreasonable, but he stuck to his point. When the meeting was over and I was alone with an American friend, I expressed surprise that the group of exiles had not repudiated the sentiments of the lawyer. "If they had been Americans," I said, "they would have been on my side at once."

"Don't be too sure of that," he answered. "You may learn before you get through with this Mexican business that your own Government is in covert sympathy with worse sentiments than those expressed at that meeting."

He was right, as I discovered later to my horror.

I went to New Orleans and persuaded Archbishop Blenk, who spoke Spanish well, to come with me to Cuba. We did what we could to relieve the sad situation of the exiles there. Word came before we left that former President Theodore Roosevelt was anxious to secure accurate information on the Mexican situation from us. We gathered a number of affidavits in Havana and took a Ward Line steamer back to New York. At the dock, awaiting our arrival, was Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, Mr. McGrath, who drove us to Oyster Bay direct from the ship. There we were shown at once into a large room hung with hunting trophies. My eyes were glad to wander over the great expanse of that room. It was

my ideal of what a living room should be. The former President came in wearing a heavy tweed suit with knickerbocker trousers, golf stockings, and rough shoes. Once before I had felt "Teddy's" handshake and had seen his expansive smile. It was at a Spanish War Veterans' banquet in Detroit. I had given the invocation and was seated at the speaker's table. When the President arose to leave after his speech, seeing how anxious my neighbors were to shake hands with him, I stepped back and left the line to them. But Mr. Roosevelt had seen the move. After shaking hands with the man in front of me, he asked him to step aside a moment, and I saw the full glory of the Roosevelt smile. "Good night to you, Father," he said, "I wanted to tell you that I hope we may meet again." The friend of the strenuous life could be most gracious.

Mr. Roosevelt led the Archbishop and myself to a smaller room, sat down at his desk and went right to business. "What did you bring me?" he asked.

I handed him the affidavits one by one. He read them carefully, looked at the signatures and the attestations. "These are all right," he concluded, "but I heard that convents have been broken into and nuns ravished. Have you anything to prove that such things happened?"

I slipped a paper from the bottom and said, "I was going to keep that back for reasons which you can guess."

"Of course, I understand quite well," he replied, "but I don't believe in keeping back any of the truth. The whole thing is damnable, and I intend to let the American public know it. You had better let me have that paper also."

He wrote a syndicated article on the Mexican situation based on the documents the Archbishop and I gave him.

It was not very hard to raise the money for relief. Catholics contributed gladly to an appeal backed by the facts. The appeal led to the White House, and one day I found myself face to face with President Woodrow Wilson. I came in full confidence that a man who had written as he had on the American Constitution would understand at once. I began by telling him that I did not advocate intervention in Mexico, but that I did hope he would not permit the American Government actually to favor persecution and murder. He listened for perhaps five minutes and then interrupted. I cannot repeat the exact words he used but I do remember the substance of them: "I have no doubt but that the terrible things you mention have happened during the Mexican revolution. But terrible things happened also during the French revolution, perhaps more terrible things than have happened in Mexico. Nevertheless, out of that French revolution came the liberal ideas which have since dominated in so many countries, including our own. I hope that out of the bloodletting in Mexico some such good yet may come."

The rest of the talk did not matter. It lasted for perhaps forty minutes. Before it ended Mr. Wilson had asked me to pay a visit to Mr. Bryan and go over the question with him, but I knew that it

would do no good. An echo of Mr. Wilson's words to me was heard later in his speech at Indianapolis when he stated that the Mexicans could shed all the blood they wished in an attempt to gain their liberties, and that he would see to it that they were protected in so doing. Bitterly I reflected that one of the liberties they would not get happened to be included in the "inalienable rights."

I went to see Mr. Bryan. When I presented myself I was told that the Secretary of State would not see me. I mentioned that I was there in answer to a suggestion of the President, but was informed that the President had sent for Mr. Bryan who was about to cross over to the White House. I replied that, as I had no other business in Washington, I could wait until Mr. Bryan returned, but was told it would be quite useless to wait as the Secretary did not want to see me. I picked up my hat to go, but when I turned around Mr. Bryan himself was standing at the entrance to his private office. The thought crossed my mind that he had heard everything. He beckoned, I thought a bit ungraciously, and said: "Come in here."

When I entered he pointed to a chair and sat down at his desk, wheeling around so as to face me and acting like a man braced for an unpleasant interview. He had my card in his hand. "What was it you wanted of me?" he snapped.

I answered that I understood the President had told him the nature of my business. He made no reply to that except by a grunt of disapproval. I had heard how irritated everything about Mexico made him. A report had come to me that an American resident of Mexico who had called on him heard him say: "Who is he anyhow? Another fellow who has had a cow killed in Mexico?" I began to speak along the lines that I had used with the President. Mr. Bryan did not listen for one minute but abruptly asked what were my politics. I told him that I was a little low on my stock of politics but that what I had were Republican. That avowal did not help much. I saw very soon that my friendship for Mr. Taft was bothering Mr. Bryan. I suggested that I had not come to talk about my politics or my friendship but to talk about Mexico in the hope that the United States would do nothing to favor religious persecution in that country. Mr. Bryan did not now seem in any hurry to go to the White House. He calmed down, but it was evident that he had absorbed the usual false notions about Mexico. The propagandists had reached him. I dipped into history. Mr. Bryan calmed down some more.

"Your secretary," I remarked casually, "told me that the President was waiting for you. Don't let me take his time and yours. If you wish, I can come back."

He ignored the remark, but stood up and said: "The Catholic schools in Mexico are anti-American."

I asked him for the source of the information. He walked over to a corner where there was a little old-fashioned iron safe, opened it, and pulled out a primary textbook of Mexican history.

"There," he said, "is the history that is taught in the Catholic schools of Mexico. Look at this para-

graph. Do you know Spanish?" I answered that I knew enough to get the sense of the paragraph.

"Well," he went on, "it has been translated for me and I know what's in it. Read it."

The paragraph blamed the United States for all of Mexico's troubles.

I closed the book and said: "Mr. Bryan, I should like to suggest that you go through the records in your office of our relations with Mexico since about the year 1810 and then try to put yourself in the place of a Mexican. You will be forced to admit that the book tells the exact truth. But I am not now particularly interested in that matter. You said that this book is the one used in the Catholic schools of Mexico. You probably know that a Catholic book carries what is called the *Imprimatur* of a bishop. It is usually on a flyleaf opposite the title page. I have not looked at that part of the book but only at the page you opened for me. Will you?" I handed the book back, "see if there is an *Imprimatur*?"

He turned all the pages up to the first chapter and said, "I don't see any."

"I thought you would not," I replied. "As a matter of fact the book is one used in the government schools."

I parted from Mr. Bryan two or three minutes later. He was hunting for his hat when I left, but he shook hands this time. Evidently he had forgotten that I was a friend of Taft—at least for the time being.

Outside the door of the State Department I dropped a cherished illusion about the binding force of liberty of conscience in our ideal of democratic government. I knew that both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan were committed to aid the revolutionists no matter what they did, but I knew also that I had made both of them uneasy when I had kept insisting upon the rights of conscience. I felt pretty sure that some official notice would be taken at least of one side of the question.

Attention actually was paid to what I had said. A letter came to me signed by Mr. Bryan. An intimate friend of the President told me that Mr. Wilson himself had written it in his own bedroom in the White House and sent it over to the Department of State next day to be put on official paper and signed by Mr. Bryan. In it there was a promise to call the Mexican government's attention to American ideals. I did not go back to Washington and hunt around for my dropped illusion. By this time it had probably melted away where it fell.

I have had friends who idolized Woodrow Wilson. That was quite natural. Anyone who can wave a magic wand over words and make them line up and march in rhythmic swing is sure to find admirers and even idolaters, no matter what may be the objective of the maneuver. I like the magic myself and admire the cleverness. But I reserve adoration for truth. Right principles are sacred things which have universal application. One cannot half-love them. They demand all. Hence my admiration for the literary genius and learning of Woodrow Wilson never grew wings enabling me to follow him to the heights of his world-wide ambitions.

THE FELLOW TRAVELER

THE internal squabbles of the National Lawyers Guild are of interest to no one beyond the participants. The Guild was inaugurated two years ago as a protest against the alleged conservatism of the American Bar Association, and from the beginning its membership embraced a remarkably wide variety of "left-wingers." In a group of that kind dissension is inevitable, since "left-wingers" are zealots for their particular brand of orthodoxy. To them there are no delicate shadings, and they are impatient of fine but necessary distinctions. As long as anything remains to the left of their position, they are uneasy.

At the outset, the Guild was certainly not an organization of Communists, but not many days passed before the public began to suspect that its chief patron was Stalin. Within the last few months some of the Guild's founders began to share that suspicion, and last week Judge Ferdinand Pecora, of New York, sharply criticized the Guild on the ground that Communistic elements were beginning to control its executive committee. Efforts had been made to clear the Guild of all suspicion by offering a resolution condemning all dictatorships, "whether Fascist, Communist, or Nazi," but the executive board rejected the resolution. The rejection went far to confirm the suspicion of Judge Pecora, Morris Ernst and others of the founders. Apparently the board and the Guild, as far as it was represented by the board, while bitterly opposed to Fascism and Nazism, find no inconsistency in declining to condemn Communism.

Probably Judge Pecora is right in concluding that "a small group of Communists has been able to work itself into influential positions in Guild affairs." He was certainly right in concluding that "it is difficult to single out the Communists, because they have no scruples about denying membership, even when they are members." For it is this denial of membership which appears to be the accepted tactics among Communists in this country. Admittedly it is clever; as clever as it is dis honorable.

The lesson which every association, and particularly every labor union, can read in the Guild's difficulties is of high importance. The aim of the Communist is not identical with the aim of any society which he may join. It is to make that society a center of communistic influence, and he cares not what means he employs to achieve his ends. Nothing but its weak and inconsistent policy with regard to the Communist has prevented the C.I.O., for instance, from firmly establishing itself as a valuable aid to all workers. Essentially, the Communist is not a builder, but ever and always a wrecker.

Communism parading openly under its own colors presents no serious danger, in our opinion, to our political institutions. The peril is found in the "fellow-traveler." He is the man who preaches the principles of Communism and acts upon them, while denying that he is a Communist.

TIDINGS OF REA

AS the Cardinals assembled in conclave on March 2, one among them was known to the world as the Archpriest of the Patriarchal Basilica of the Vatican, Prefect of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, Prefect of the Congregation of the Basilica of Saint Peter, Grand Chancellor of the Pontifical Institute of Christian Archeology, Camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church, Secretary of State to His Holiness, Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, of the Title of Saints John and Paul. As evening fell, by the dispensation of Divine Providence, he who was Eugenio Pacelli became His Holiness the

EMPHASIS ON RE

AS Walter Lippmann observed recently in his syndicated column, what Mr. Roosevelt needs at this time is not so much a change of policy as a change in his advisers who now hold the "key positions" in the Administration. His observation was given point by the address of Secretary Ickes at Cleveland on February 27, only a few days after the olive branch had been extended in Iowa by Secretary Hopkins. Hardly had the country reconciled itself to the astounding reversal of policy announced by Secretary Hopkins, when Secretary Ickes, in language that just stopped short of billingsgate, publicly urged support of the old reorganization bill, one of the two or three most controversial topics of the day.

Mr. Lippmann's theme was the fortunes of the Democratic party, and he treated it in his usually illuminating manner. But partisan fortunes have no interest for us, as they have none, we are sure, for Mr. Lippmann. Certainly at this juncture they have none for the people of this country, now struggling in the tenth year of the most frightful economic depression in all our history.

In his address at Des Moines, Secretary Hopkins assured the country that "with the emphasis shifted from reform to recovery, this Administration is now determined to promote that recovery with all the vigor and power at its command." At his words, the country took heart. For six years, the Government has been pump-priming, subsidizing, and "planning it that way." While year by year the Government

TRIALS

GREAT JOY

Pope, Pius XII, Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Jesus Christ; Successor of Saint Peter, Prince of the Apostles; Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church; Patriarch of the West; Primate of Italy; Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province; Sovereign of Vatican City; the two hundred and sixty-second in the line of Pontiffs beginning with Peter and Linus and Cletus and Clement. May the Lord preserve him, and strengthen him, and grant him peace and length of days, and may He save him, our Pontiff, Pius XII, Vicar of Jesus Christ, from the hands of his enemies.

RECOVERY

has been spending far more money than it had been able to raise by a taxation that daily grows more oppressive, unemployment remains almost what it was in 1933. Six years ago, the President publicly promised that he would be the first to abandon legislative and other programs which, after fair trial, failed to provide a remedy. Does the speech of Secretary Hopkins allow us to believe that Mr. Roosevelt has experienced a change of heart? Or is the President's real mind reflected in the "rule or ruin" proclamation of Secretary Ickes at Cleveland?

We are well aware that critics of the Administration see nothing in the address at Des Moines beyond the first move in the political campaign of 1940. The President, they assert, is at last aware of the real meaning of the elections of 1938, and, as Bruce Barton has said, is anxious to adopt a policy which has been urged by the Republican party since 1933. We prefer to view the Des Moines address in another light, even at the cost of an indictment for wishful thinking.

There is no need to abandon the "reforms" claimed by the Administration, but there is need that this Government should "promote recovery with all the vigor and power at its command." That policy is demanded by the now more than one-third "ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed" of our people, and by every man who values human rights more highly than political advantage. If the Administration's way will not lead us to recovery, then in the name of God, the Father of the poor, let us change it.

THE COURT AND THE BOARD

THE decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on February 27 in three cases which involved rulings of the National Labor Relations Board, will do much to make the Wagner Act what it professes to be—an instrument which can be used to safeguard the rights of labor, and to promote peaceful relations between employers and employes. The decision will do this because it insists, as this Review has insisted for years, that two wrongs do not make a right, that employers cannot be deprived of all constitutional rights because they have violated a law, and that organized labor has nothing to gain and all to lose by violence.

The Court held, with the Board, that the Fansteel Corporation had been guilty of unfair labor practices through the employment of spies and the denial of the right of collective bargaining. This reprehensible conduct justified the workers in striking, but it did not make the Corporation an "outlaw" nor deprive it "of its legal rights to the possession and protection of its property." The strikers, misled by poor leadership, took possession of two of the Corporation's most important buildings, and began a sit-down strike. When the local courts ordered them to leave the premises, they defied the courts, and were not dislodged for many days. The Supreme Court observes that these workers might lawfully strike, "but they had no license to commit acts of violence, or to seize their employer's plant."

To justify such conduct because of the existence of a labor dispute or of an unfair labor practice would be to put a premium on resort to force instead of to legal remedies, and to subvert the principles of law and order which lie at the foundations of society.

Hereafter, it will be impossible to claim legal justification for the sit-down strike. As this Review held from the beginning, the sit-down strike is a species of violence which cannot be defended on moral grounds; the Supreme Court now holds that it is "a wrong, apart from any acts of sabotage," an act "not essentially different from an assault upon the officers of an employing company, or the seizure and conversion of its goods, or the despoiling of its property," "an act of trespass or violence," illegal seizure, and "an attempt at compulsion by force and violence."

Some may think that the Court went to tedious lengths in citing reasons why the sit-down strike is unlawful. The Court's justification is found in the attempts made by the National Labor Relations Board "to license" workers "to commit tortious acts or to protect them from the appropriate consequences of unlawful conduct." Had these attempts escaped the Court's censure and its legal ban, no one can say at what point they would have stopped. We can sympathize with the efforts of any man to better the condition of the workers, but only as long as he remains within reasonable bounds. We can have no sympathy with him when he leads workers to believe that in their fight to protect their legal and moral rights, the laws of God and the just laws of man can be set aside. The labor

organization can walk along the lines of violence only to its own destruction.

It is particularly interesting to note that in the Fansteel case the Supreme Court is at pains to protect against lawlessness and violence a corporation whose labor practices have rarely been admirable, and in many instances decidedly reprehensible. But since a legal remedy for the wrongs of which the Corporation has been guilty is at hand, the Court declines to consider it an "outlaw." The Court holds that rights must be defended wherever found.

Finally, new light is thrown upon the question of the right of a striker to hold his job, pending the settlement of a labor difficulty. The right to strike remains untouched by the decision and, as the Court held in the Mackay case, strikers "remain employees for the remedial purposes specified in the Act." Under the decision of February 27, however, they cannot claim the "remedial purposes" of the Act, when the strike is illegal in its inception and prosecution. If by the strike they violate, for example, a contract with their employer, they terminate their employment, and if in the course of a strike they are guilty of violence, the employer is at liberty, under the Act, to discharge them.

It cannot be claimed, of course, that the labor problem is solved by the three decisions on February 27. But much has been done by completely outlawing the sit-down strike. That form of violence enraged employers, misled employees, defied the lawful authority of the State, and did more than anything else to alienate from organized labor the public sympathy which it needs and should be given.

TWO GOOD IDEAS

FOR four years Senator Clark, of Idaho, sat at the feet of his elders and listened. At the end of this time, he opened his mouth and said that as regards our foreign policy, he thought it would be a good idea for us "to mind our own business." The advice is not new. It was old when that ancient Virginian who amassed a large fortune by persistently minding his own business, was a babbler in the cradle. But it always comes to our ears from the mouth of a Congressman with an air of novelty.

Senator Clark was asking when this war that the Administration is talking about was going to break out, and against whom. A few hours earlier he had heard Senator Vandenberg, of Michigan, express his surprise that so much information was withheld from Congress, which alone can declare war, and from the people who will be obliged to pay for it, to fight in it, and to die in it. Senator Clark could not understand what interest we had in any war, nor can we.

The day ended in the Senate with another good idea; the introduction of the old Ludlow Amendment, fathered this time by Senator LaFollette. We hope that this Amendment will be submitted by Congress to the States. If a war on foreign soil is proposed, the people of this country should make the final decision.

THE CHAINS OF SIN

NO one can read the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke xi, 14-28) and deny the reality of diabolic possession. Saint Luke says plainly that Our Lord "cast out the devil" who taking possession of a man had deprived him of his speech, and probably, also, of his hearing and his sight. By possession we mean that Almighty God for His own good purposes permits some evil spirit to control the body and, at least to some extent, the spiritual faculties of a human being. At the time of Our Lord, diabolic possession would appear to have been fairly common. That it has existed through the ages, and may be found today, is shown by the "exorcisms" which are provided by the Church.

Satan's power is always limited by God, and since the Sacrifice upon the Cross and the subsequent spread of Christ's Church, cases of possession have become rarer. Still they are found from time to time, especially, it would seem, among pagan peoples. That is a terrifying thought, for we are rapidly becoming a people among whom the influence of Christianity is waning. It may well be that many of the attacks upon Christian morality, such as the propaganda for birth-control, for the ruin of souls by un-Christian and anti-Christian education, and for the undermining of the state, are made by men and women whom Satan has possessed, and whom he is using for his vile purposes.

But in reading this Gospel, we are reminded of a state which, while it is not diabolic possession, is very like it. Whoever commits mortal sin, gives himself, in a very true sense, to the domination of Satan. At first there are moments when the thought of his bondage horrifies him, but sin is attractive, and he goes on in his unhappy slavery to Satan. He persists in his old sin, and finds new ways of committing sin, so that soon "seven other spirits more wicked" than the first bind his soul with chains, "and the last state of that man becomes worse," far worse, than it was at the beginning. He is blind to the danger in which he lives. He is deaf to the exhortations which may be given him. He will not confess his sins, for as often as he thinks of confession, he becomes dumb. Technically, he is not a victim of diabolic possession, but he is ruled and guided by Satan, and unless he makes use of the grace which God always gives in abundance, he will die in that state and be lost forever.

If we have offended God mortally and have been forgiven, let us thank Him for His infinite mercies. He has broken the chains of Satan, and we who once were slaves are again the children in the house of God. But let us not rest satisfied with sterile thanks. We can do penance for our past sins, particularly during this time of Lent, and so strengthen ourselves against the day of temptation. By good example, by the word spoken in season, by fervent prayer, we can, moreover, help Our Lord to convert sinners. He hates sin, but He loved sinners so dearly that He died for them on the Cross. To convert a sinner from his evil ways is to show that we are truly repentant for our own sins.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau requested Congress to extend the President's power to operate the Stabilization Fund from June 30, 1939, when the present authorization expires, to January 15, 1941. He asked likewise that the President's power to alter the gold content of the dollar be continued. The Stabilization Fund possesses gold valued at \$1,800,000,000. It operates secretly, bolsters currencies. . . . In letters to John L. Lewis and William Green, whom he addressed as "My dear John" and "Dear Bill," President Roosevelt urged the C.I.O. and A. F. of L. to seek for a "united and vital labor movement" by negotiating "peace with honor." . . . Speaking in Des Moines, Ia., Secretary of Commerce Harry L. Hopkins declared the New Deal emphasis has "shifted from reform to recovery," that the Administration "is now determined to promote that recovery with all the vigor and power at its command." He urged the breaking of "the log-jam of private investment in the field of utilities, railroads and housing," urged also that labor deal with employers with "tolerance and fairness." He admitted that lack of business confidence "is and has been a hard and stubborn fact." . . . Secretary Morgenthau asked Congress "to take a careful look at the tax laws to see if there are any deterrents holding the business man back from making future commitments." He offered the Treasury's cooperation. . . . President Roosevelt ordered the Navy Department to arrange for a United States cruiser to transport back to Japan the ashes of Hirosi Saito, former Japanese Ambassador to Washington.

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THE CONGRESS. Referring to the January 31 White House conference between President Roosevelt and the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Minnesota's Senator Lundeen asserted the American people "would be shocked and stunned," if they ever learned what was said there. . . . New Hampshire's Senator Bridges declared: "It is best for America and for the rest of the world that all the details of that White House conference never become known." . . . Charles Edison, Acting Secretary of the Navy, appealed to Congress for legislation to stop the activities of subversive agents who are "boring in" in the army and navy. Propaganda "which has as its ultimate object the overthrow of our Government by force," was being distributed in increasing quantities to personnel of the armed forces, he revealed. . . . Representatives Cochran and Warren introduced into the House a revised Reorganization Bill. The proposed measure does not include the Controller General's office or the Civil Service Commission among the agencies to be reorganized. . . . Senator Chavez urged recognition by the United States of the Franco Government in

Spain. Relations with South American countries might be jeopardized by slowness in the matter, he intimated. . . . The House voted to take away from Secretary Perkins supervision over monies for the Wages and Hours Division of the Department of Labor, placed it under Elmer F. Andrews, Wages and Hours Administrator, subordinate of the Secretary. . . . Twelve Senators introduced a proposed constitutional amendment to prevent waging an overseas war by the United States except after a popular referendum.

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WASHINGTON. Unless the United States encourages Britain and France to an aggressive stand, there will be no war in Europe "this year or next year," declared Senator Nye. . . . Senator Johnson maintained "the propaganda that is being so elaborately and extravagantly used at present is seeking to take us into war." . . . Three smashing defeats in the shape of adverse, five-to-two decisions were handed to the National Labor Relations Board by the Supreme Court. Justices Black and Reed dissented in all three cases. . . . Outlawing the sit-down strike, the Court condemned the Board for exceeding its authority in ordering the Fansteel Corporation of Chicago to reinstate sit-down strikers. The sit-down strike was characterized as "a high-handed proceeding without shadow of legal right," by Chief Justice Hughes. . . . A National Labor Relations Board order charging the Sands Manufacturing Company of Cleveland with refusal to bargain collectively was also upset by the high Court. A Board ruling against the Columbian Enamel and Stamping Company of Terre Haute was likewise rejected. . . . The Supreme Court, with Justice Black writing the opinion, set aside the conviction for murder of Hugh Pierre, Louisiana Negro, because Negroes were excluded from the grand jury which indicted him.

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CHINA-JAPAN. Nipponese troops drove westward from Hankow and captured Tienmen. . . . They launched an offensive against Lushan. In South Shansi Province, Japanese pushed on to Fowshan, and in Kiangsu Province occupied Siaohsien. . . . Recent terrorism against pro-Japanese Chinese in the Shanghai International Settlement brought a proposal from Japan to aid in suppressing the terroristic activities. The governing body of the International Settlement rejected the Japanese program, redoubled their own efforts to maintain order.

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SPAIN. Loyalists on their flight to the French border murdered the Bishop of Teruel and forty-one other prisoners. The body of the Bishop was

discovered in a woods near the French frontier. . . . Great Britain and France extended *de jure* recognition to the Franco Government, following which representatives of Nationalist Spain took over the Spanish embassies in London and Paris. Thirty-seven nations, either *de jure* or *de facto*, recognized Franco. Among the great Powers, only the United States and Soviet Russia had failed to extend recognition. . . . Manuel Azaña, after fleeing to France, resigned as President of the Spanish Republic.

THE VATICAN. On Wednesday, March 1, sixty-two Cardinals entered the conclave to elect a successor to Pope Pius XI. On the afternoon of the next day, Thursday, March 2, at the conclusion of the third ballot, the throngs before St. Peter's saw a wisp of white smoke ascending above the Sistine Chapel. . . . Because of radio, millions throughout the world were able for the first time in history to hear the traditional announcement from the balcony of St. Peter's. The voice of Camillo Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni, dean of the Order of Cardinal Deacons, was carried over the earth as he said: "I give you tiding of great joy. We have a Pope—The Most Eminent and Reverend Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, who has given to himself the name of Pius XII." Shortly after the announcement of his election, the Pope appeared before the wildly cheering crowds, imparted his first blessing as Pontiff. . . . The new Pope, the 262nd Vicar of Christ, was raised to the Chair of Peter on his sixty-third birthday. . . . Eugenio Pacelli was born in Rome on March 2, 1876. After his theological studies, made in Rome, he was ordained priest in February 1901. In 1917 he was made titular Archbishop of Sardes and sent to Munich as Nuncio. Archbishop Pacelli was a chief actor in Pope Benedict XV's campaign to mediate with the Central Powers and Allies for peace. . . . In 1920 he became Nuncio to the German Republic, and in 1929 was raised to the cardinalate by Pope Pius XI. Cardinal Pacelli left Germany for Rome and in February, 1930, was made Papal Secretary of State. . . . Pope Pius XII is familiar at first hand with most of the world's important nations. . . . He represented Pope Pius XI at the coronation of King George V in London; visited Buenos Aires as Papal Legate to the International Eucharistic Congress in 1934. . . . He visited the United States in 1936, stayed a month from October 8 to November 7, traveled more than 8,000 miles around the nation. He had lunch at Hyde Park with President Roosevelt. . . . The new Pope is an accomplished scholar. Well versed in classical Latin and Greek, he speaks, besides his native Italian, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese and English. . . . Pius XII opened his pontificate on March 3 with a strong plea for peace, addressed to all the world from the Sistine Chapel.

GREAT BRITAIN. For the first time, Prime Minister Chamberlain attended a reception in the Soviet Embassy. Accused of "cold-shouldering" Russia, Mr. Chamberlain was believed to be striving to re-

move such an impression in view of the forthcoming Anglo-Russian trade talks. . . . Among the supplies purchased for air-raid defense, as announced in the House of Commons, were 127,000,000 sandbags, 50,000,000 civilian gas masks, 1,400,000 gas helmets for babies, 1,300,000 gas masks for older children. . . . Intimations that Britain intends to give up its mandate over Palestine and set up an independent State were given to the delegates attending the Jewish-Arab parley in London. Zionists branded the plan as a violation of the Balfour Declaration. A proposal to give Jews autonomy in the Palestinian areas where they are in the majority and an equal voice in the Palestinian Government despite their minority status was being considered.

MEXICO. President Cárdenas assured a delegation of workers he would not retreat in the matter of expropriated oil properties. . . . Reports were current that American and British companies whose properties had been seized were offering the Mexican Government large sums in return for fifty-year operating rights in the oil fields. The companies would recognize the Government's ownership of subsoil rights on the properties, would retain title to the surface of the land.

POLAND. During the visit of Count Galeazzo Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister, to Warsaw, Italy and Mussolini were cheered by student throngs, Germany and Hitler were booed. The students were protesting against treatment accorded Polish students in Danzig. The student crowd smashed windows in the German Embassy. The anti-German rioting continued for several days. . . . Friendly collaboration between Poland and Italy was agreed upon at the meeting of the Polish and Italian Foreign Ministers.

RUSSIA. Soviet officials who trumped up charges of treason and terrorism against ten-year-old children in order to gain a reputation for vigilance with the Kremlin were imprisoned. . . . The Soviet Government donated 5,000,000 francs for the relief of Spanish refugees. The sum would not cover refugee expenses for one day, French authorities disclosed. Russia refused to receive the Loyalist refugees. . . . Nadejda Konstantinova Krupskaya, widow of Lenin, died in Moscow. . . .

FOOTNOTES. In Hungary, Franz Keresztes-Fischer, Minister of the Interior, dissolved the Hungarian movement, Nazi organization. On the same day, Count Stephen Csaky, Foreign Minister of Hungary, signed the Anti-Comintern pact linking Budapest to Berlin, Rome, Tokyo. . . . The recently formed Belgian Cabinet lasted only six days. King Leopold requested Eugene Soudan, Socialist Senator, to form a new Cabinet. . . . The *Daily Worker*, Communist organ printed in New York, was barred from the mails in Argentina.

CORRESPONDENCE

LITTLE BLACK MEN

EDITOR: Judging from his letter (AMERICA, February 11), Owen McGuire believes that the Irish dramatist, Paul Vincent Carroll, is anti-Catholic and is, in fact, trying to "de-Christianize Ireland."

I was shocked to read this, for when I left the theatre after seeing *Shadow and Substance* last year, I felt especially proud of being a Catholic, because I was convinced that I had just seen one of the finest plays of modern times and I knew that this was a Catholic play. Now it appears that the whole thing was an anti-Catholic plot.

I have not seen *The White Steed*, but why do Catholics disagree so violently about these plays?

According to Father McGuire, Miss Jordan reported that "Catholics in the audience became restive." This is a very significant comment, for Mr. Carroll, in my opinion, spotlights in his plays the ugly differences between the shadow and the substance of true Catholicism by showing in highly dramatic fashion how particular individuals fall short of the Christian ideal. I'm sure he intended that Catholic spectators should squirm at the sight.

I certainly do not recognize *Shadow and Substance* in Father McGuire's analysis of it.

It is true that Carroll does attack pride, cruelty, stupidity and the type of mind that identifies the Church with certain modern corruptions of art and piety. But I hope Father McGuire does not think that to attack such things is anti-Catholic, for many of us are under quite the opposite impression.

Actually what is an anti-clerical? There seem to be three very different ideas:

1. An anti-clerical is one who attacks the Catholic priesthood as a basically unsound, unnecessary institution. This is the truly anti-Catholic variety, and it is this label that Father McGuire is trying to stick on Carroll. However, I cannot see that he has produced anything like the evidence necessary to justify such an attempt.

2. An anti-clerical is one who remains loyal to the priesthood as an institution, but criticizes individual priests or Religious in such a way as to give scandal. On the basis of *Shadow and Substance* I think we can also give Carroll a clean bill of health here, but judging from some of his public remarks, I fear that he has fallen at times into this category. However, such anti-clericalism is far from being identical with conscious anti-Catholicism, although it may be un-Christian in the sense that it is imprudent or uncharitable.

3. An anti-clerical is one who criticizes anything at all about any priest or Religious, no matter how charitable or prudent that criticism may be.

Anti-clericalism in this third sense is frequently used as a paint-brush to discredit the critic, just as

employers use the label Communist to discredit criticism of their labor policy. I imagine that most of the Saints were anti-clerical in this respect. Certainly Dante's *Inferno* is a Catholic masterpiece full of such anti-clericalism and possibly much of No. 2.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN C. CORT

MISREPRESENTED

EDITOR: I have just read the article about my book by Brassil Fitzgerald in your February 4 issue. I knew when I elaborated my sophistication test that it would not meet with enthusiasm in Catholic quarters. I don't object to differences with my answers to the questions which Mr. Fitzgerald found in my text. He was kind enough to quote enough from my text to make my position reasonably clear, and I am comforted in that.

This letter is written to object to the entire unfairness on Mr. Fitzgerald's part in saying that my questions and answers are devoid of meaning as a test for writing ability. In this he touches the purpose of my book, he discredits my reputation as a teacher, and, what is worst of all, he maliciously, surely, misrepresents my book itself. The test he discusses is only one of three, and the entire three tests are further coordinated in a lengthy discussion covering two chapters. When Mr. Fitzgerald mentions only one test and then says that it will tell nothing about writing ability, he is unfair to me as a teacher. I am the author of a book which is being widely read and favorably commented on in all except Catholic circles.

New York, N. Y.

THOMAS H. UZZELL

REVIEWERS

EDITOR: Whether you like it or not, I want to say the book review by R. J. McInnis in the February 18 issue of AMERICA was wonderful. Broad and deep thought telling us just what we ought to know of the book and Van Paassen. It was brilliant. It made all the formal reviews in pretentious papers look like six cents.

Providence, R. I.

D. REARDON

PROOF-READER

EDITOR: In my letter (February 4) on the President's Message your proof-readers let a word slip by which has caused L. J. F. (February 18) to misunderstand, or at least to overlook, the point I was trying to emphasize.

I spoke of the major premise of the President's Message, not the major promise.... Your St. Louis correspondent bases his reply upon this error....

In my letter I was not dealing with the President's conviction concerning the relationship be-

tween religion and democracy, but with the failure of AMERICA to emphasize the religious element in the Message. The degree of realization which the President had or has of the great truth which he uttered is beside the point. The objective truth of the statement is the thing we should be interested in—and we, not Walter Lippmann or Dorothy Thompson, should be the first to emphasize it.

New Orleans, La. CHARLES C. CHAPMAN, S.J.

THE COLD NORTH

EDITOR: In AMERICA for February 25 there is a *Comment* with reference to a priest in Greenland. I have been interested in this item because the Rev. Arthème Dutilly, O.M.I., who is an Arctic scientific explorer and who lives here during the winter, is of the opinion that there are no Catholic clergy in Greenland. I should be very glad if you could give me any further light on this subject.

Let me take this opportunity to compliment you on the splendid success of AMERICA. I think it is seeing its best days.

(REV.) JOHN K. CARTWRIGHT

Washington, D. C.

[For "Greenland" substitute "Labrador," and accept our apologies.—EDITOR.]

MEXICAN NIGHTMARE

EDITOR: The presentation of the political situation in Mexico by James A. Magner in recent issues of AMERICA strikes me as far and away the best that I have read so far. What I would give to hear that it had been broadcast throughout the whole of the United States!

After steady pulverization by the atrocious machine to which he refers there is not much left of us dissidents, although I suspect that time and again we would have been able to prove that we are, in fact, a majority. But, as a good Catholic, as a good liberal, and as a good Mexican (for I pride myself in being, or trying to be, all three), I cannot but rejoice that these things should become known at last.

Mexico City, Mexico.

MEXICAN CITIZEN

ART AND SOCIETY

EDITOR: Mr. Binsse, in his column for January 21, suggests that church art in America will be improved if it is placed in the keeping of the American Institute of Architects. Candidly, yet with all deference to Mr. Binsse and the A. I. A., I disagree.

The rich art of the European Middle Ages was demonstrably a direct outgrowth of the organic structure of society as it then existed. Church art was functional, in the sense that it was inspired by and harmonized with the function of the church building as a place of worship.

In all of this, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker had quite as much to say as the architect, in the very literal sense that they gave commissions to artists—to Rubens and Memling as well as to Raphael and Michelangelo. Of course,

commissions also came from other quarters: Popes, princes of the Church, Religious communities, and various secular dignitaries. The point is that each artist's personal experience and training were such as to make him thoroughly familiar with his environment as an entity.

Some members of Saint Ansgar's Catholic Scandinavian League have been interested to observe an attempt to restore this intimate relation between art and society in Sweden. It is important to note, however, that the Swedes are attempting to build their new world of art around the home.

But to return to Mr. Binsse's suggestion, I would venture to amend it by urging provincial—possibly diocesan—academies of design. Each such academy would include not only architects, sculptors and painters, but also designers of furniture, ceramics and—yes, even of clothing.

New York, N. Y.

G. M. K.

REBUTTAL

EDITOR: In a gracious manner John R. Cromie objects to a Ludlow Bill: "If the people were given the say-so in declaring war, they could not possibly do as good a job as Congress could . . . they are just as susceptible to propaganda."

Consider a very concrete case. If on April 6, 1917, the people had the say-so, they would not have declared war—according to most students of the period. Let us suppose that they would not. At the least it is possible that such a job of the people in not declaring war would have been as good as the job of Congress in entering the war.

Again, in a Ludlow Bill, the people would not be "given the say-so in declaring war"; rather they would be retaking from their servants, the Congress, the say-so which belongs primarily to the people. Today, the insulting and incendiary language of certain representatives of the people makes one wonder if they are the servants or the masters of the people in rushing us into war.

"There would be widespread confusion and bitterness as a result of such a referendum." Surely not as great as have been had since April 6, 1917. "I do not maintain that Congress is or could be infallible . . . but since it could discharge the function better than the people, it is a case of choosing the lesser of two evils." Let the people decide which is the lesser evil; not their "servants."

"Why not . . . get rid of Congress entirely?" Congress could find employment in collecting billions of dollars in debts from our former allies, who always have the money to lend to other nations; in blocking the loans of \$25,000,000 to foreign nations, while our own tax bills rise and we still have 10,000,000 unemployed, etc.

Anyhow, if the American people prefer the greater evil of not going to war, that is their business. And it is easy to believe that millions of American mothers whose sons are eligible for draft in another foreign war, in fact the sons themselves and the vast majority of Americans, would lose their present jitters, if there were a Ludlow Bill.

New York, N. Y. DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

CANADA'S CRUSADE FOR CLEAN LITERATURE

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

BEGINNING on February 22, Ash Wednesday, and lasting all during the Season of Lent, there is being held in Canada under the auspices of the Canadian Catholic Youth Union a National Crusade for Good Reading. A recent visit to Montreal, and a sojourn at that most hospitable of Jesuit colleges, Loyola of Montreal, and prolonged conversations with some of the Fathers who have seen the Catholic Youth Union in action, enabled me to realize how intensely the Catholic Youth of Canada is conducting its drive this Lent against what it justly calls "the epidemic of nastiness" which has been slowly spreading through all the provinces of the Dominion.

This campaign for clean literature is not the only activity of the Catholic Union. At its first National Convention in Ottawa last October, it expressed itself very determinedly on such subjects as Workingmen's Unions, Rural Education, Co-Operatives, Divorce, Extra-Territorial Wars, etc. But the present movement for the extermination of evil literature, either in picture form or in written form, is one of the best organized of its projects, and in many ways one of the most important.

The campaign begins, as it should, with personal reform (and the delegates at the Ottawa Convention represented approximately 400,000 young people) by exhorting every member of the Union to sign pledge cards in which they promise on their honor (which is the motive for which youth likes most to make promises): 1. to buy, read and circulate only good, clean, wholesome literature; 2. to refrain from buying, reading and circulating any publication containing articles, illustrations or advertisements of an immoral, indecent, or suggestive nature; 3. to boycott all publishers, distributors and vendors who pander to the public by the sale and display of vicious matter. But it does not end there. It is one of the intentions of the Crusade to spread by way of lectures, speeches, news releases, radio announcements the spirit of their organization to the whole of Canada. The project embraces the formation of Canvassing Committees, one of whose functions will be to visit news agencies, book stores and newsstands and request (it may be through

the medium of their most engaging, attractive and persuasive members) cooperation with the Crusade, even asking the proprietors and vendors to sign Pledge Cards. This is quite charming, and it is my experience that a man is flattered, not insulted, when you exhort him to heroism.

Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on how you view it, I was assigned in my trip back from Canada to Berth Number 1 in the sleeping car. As you know, Berth Number 1 is directly above the wheels, and as the night progresses one does not only *hear* the wheels, one practically *becomes* the wheels, jolting at every bump, swerving at every curve in the tracks. This experience is conducive to wakefulness rather than sleep, but even wakefulness can be interesting provided one has interests to occupy the mind. I hope the Pullman Company will not be too disappointed in me, but I used one of their sleeping cars for a whole night not for purposes of sleep, but in planning some features and settling some problems that might help in the furtherance of a crusade for clean literature among the young. Of course, I kept it all a secret from the porter, and appeased him in the morning with the usual twenty-five cents.

In one of Lennox Robinson's plays (I think it is in *The New Gossoon*) he pokes satire at the strict conscience of a Catholic family in which the children learn that everything is "a mortal sin, a mortal sin, a mortal sin." And in a recent English play, imported to Broadway, called *Spring Meeting*, Miss Gladys Cooper tinklingly tosses off as one of her loud-laugh lines: "Deliver me from the terrors of an Irish-Catholic conscience" or some such phrase. One can learn even from the jibes of one's adversaries; and I think it is important to say that a full, enthusiastic and permanent crusade for clean literature on the part of Catholic boys and girls cannot be settled in terms merely of "mortal sin" or "the terrors of an Irish-Catholic conscience." The problem is not merely a moral one; it is a psychological and cultural one as well. I have space here only to offer some of the conclusions I arrived at in my sleeping-car reverie. But there will be no harm in setting them down here in thesis form. And some

of our young Catholic people may be interested in reading them, if only to be provided with topics for discussion.

1. The intellect as such can face any subject without quailing. But none of us is an intellect "as such." Our intellects are united in substantial union to a most delicately exquisite and tenuous instrument of knowledge which is material, the imagination. This imagination is not discriminative, and when it is assailed with foul and brutal pictures it records them with the fidelity of a camera film, and stores them away for future reference. This imagination can be easily injured. It is the focal point for such disturbances as frights, phobias, nightmares. When it is attacked by a lewd picture or a lewd description in a book, it cannot bear to hold the shock within itself but quickly diffuses it to the sense appetites and desires, thereby destroying the symphony of purity that should exist in a child of Mary. I am not speaking here of "mortal sin, mortal sin, mortal sin." That can come only when the spiritual will enters and freely approves the whole performance. I am simply speaking of the disorder, the disgustingness, the sickness of the whole business.

2. What it is needful for us to know can always come to us under the proper auspices. In such cases we *learn* facts, not merely *luxuriate* in them; the intellect is directly catered to with no effort to inflame the imagination. A class in moral theology or medicine can be as chaste as a lily garden. But it is simply abysmal ignorance for anyone who pretends to be an educator not to know that in the case of the young the imagination always outspeeds the intellect in performance, and that guarded and graded instruction in the matter of adolescent morals is the only intelligent procedure possible.

This does not mean that one must answer the candid questions of a child untruthfully. This need never be done, and God gives to parents, confessors, teachers and doctors who have the child's spiritual welfare sincerely at heart, the Grace to create auspices under which legitimate questions can be legitimately answered. But it is extremely important to remember that a child's problems are those of a child, not of a parent. To force-feed him with sex instruction as to how he shall become a parent before he has well enjoyed the rapturous experience of being a child, is not only a devilish device, not only out of all proportion with the physical capacities of his nature, it is a disastrous spiritual and imaginative experience. That this forced-feeding abounds in our irreligious schools is common knowledge. No wonder our children must pass from the classroom to the psychoanalyst's clinic in order to arrive safely at the tottering maturity of twenty-one. It is tragically ridiculous to read in the newspaper this very day of a psychoanalyst who killed himself with an ice-pick. I thought psychoanalysts were people who teach you how to keep from doing such things.

3. There has always seemed to me something weird, something sinister, something really diabolical about going to a drug store to buy a book. And drug stores, as you know, are going in for litera-

ture nowadays in a large way. The innocuous pieces can be displayed on the counter, but the "love literature" is kept under cover with the licorice and the laudanum. One asks for it in a sotto voce, sneaks it home without a poison label attached, and then surrenders his precious instruments of thought to the prurient inventions of a writer whose culture would hardly do credit to an object in the zoo.

4. Chastity can be satirized, but this only in the case where it is the only virtue one possesses: the inhibited young girl who is seething with suspicions and jealousies, the refrigerated spinster who gossips about her married neighbors. Chastity is like sunlight; it is meant to light up and embellish the other virtues. No one goes into a room just to see a roomful of sunlight. There must be pretty pictures, agreeable furniture and objects of art. But if there is no sunlight, all the other beauties are lost in a murky haze. And if in addition the room is pervaded with coatings of dust and an ill smell, the relish vanishes even from Rembrandt, Michelangelo and Chippendale. Chastity makes the other virtues sparkle, makes them gay. But there must be other virtues; chastity shining on a vice makes it cruel and cold: a chaste liar, a chaste thief.

5. The edge is positively taken off humor when it is made impure, and that I defy anyone to deny. There is a distinct and appreciable difference between the sound-quality in a laugh that greets a unwholesome and a wholesome funny story. The former is coarse and visceral. The latter is light, airy, in the lungs.

5. It takes no talent to write an unclean story.

6. One should meet a book as one meets a friend. Imagine being invited to meet a friend of whom it is recommended: "Oh do come to dinner and meet Mr. Pigface. You will find him delightfully frank, brutal and realistic, and he will share with you a rehearsal of all his lewdness, and will now and then give you a companionable kick in the shins."

What the youth of Canada are fighting for, as Our Lady knows, is ultimately the salvation of their souls. And they know that there are times in everyone's temptations when it is both sensible and salutary to warn "mortal sin, mortal sin, mortal sin." But over and above that they are determined to preserve the positive decencies of their culture and their tradition. Chastity has her handmaids which are modesty, reticence, reserve, good taste. They form a protecting atmosphere around her and she will not long survive without them. The crusade for clean-minded youth is not merely Christianity's crusade, it is that of civilization. At the Ottawa Convention there was a parade in the streets and bands were playing.

I hope the enthusiasm of the Canadian Catholic Youth Union will cross the border into our own country and pass the customs inspector free of assessment. We will reciprocate with some of our own enthusiasms, and mutually supported we may clean this continent of some of its mistiness and brighten it with our own mirth. It will mean keener minds, gayer hearts, more romances, and pledges given and meant in the Sacrament God has instituted to culminate the love of boy and girl.

BOOKS

THE PREDECESSORS OF MORAL THEOLOGY

MEDIEVAL HANDBOOKS OF PENANCE. By John T. McNeill and Helena M. Gamer. Columbia University Press. \$4.75

THIS book contains translations of the principal penitential books (*libri poenitentiales*), and related documents, of the Middle Ages. The first penitential document translated is from the canons attributed to Saint Patrick, the last from the Milan penitential of Saint Charles Borromeo. Thus, the period covered is from the fifth to the sixteenth century, with particular stress on the interval between the seventh and the tenth. The penitential books may be called the predecessors of our modern moral-theology books, with which all seminarians and priests are familiar.

In the introduction, chapters on penance in the early Church, the penitentials, and the condition of the texts from which the translations were made are found. The latter chapter will be the delight of all scholars, and is a tribute to Dr. Gamer's painstaking, thorough scholarship. The theory of penance in the early Church, as set forth by Dr. McNeill, embraces the modernistic conclusions; the needed corrective will be supplied by the knowledge the Catholic theologian has of the sources cited by Dr. McNeill. The chapter on the penitentials themselves, as well as the translations and critical data supplied in the determination of authorship, where possible, gives evidence of Dr. McNeill's exhaustive work, genuine interest, concentrated pursuits of his purpose to state "the broader historical questions of character, function and influence of the books." Elsewhere (*Rev. Cel. XL*, 83ff), Dr. McNeill endeavored to show that a stream of pre-Christian Celtic religious practices ran into the Christian practices of religion, particularly in Ireland. Dr. Ryan (*Irish Monasticism: Origins and Early Development*, p. 355) very clearly takes issue with him on that point.

The continuity of pagan elements in Christian piety still appeals to Dr. McNeill. The evidence, in part, is penitential legislation concerning the practice of magic. Dr. McNeill sees in this an indication of the prevalence of pagan magical practices. Yet, the provenance of the major part of the legislation in the Corrector of Burchard of Worms, to make our point clear from that work alone, is given in the tenth book of the *Decretum*, and is as much a proof of the prevalence of magic practices in that age, as the inclusion of the treatises *De Magia* in our present day moral theology books are of the prevalence of magical practices today.

Dr. McNeill says that "sound historical judgment will ascribe to them (the penitentials) a civilizing and humanizing rôle of no small importance." A more sympathetic understanding of the penitentials, proceeding from a Catholic understanding of the matters treated, would lead to a more generous conclusion. For Christian piety of the age in question was Catholic piety, and Catholic piety is to be looked for not in the penitentials, as is clear from their nature, but in devotional works and in works treating of attendance at Mass and the reception of Holy Communion. The Mass and the Eucharist always were, are, and always will be the center of Catholic life and piety. The inability to appreciate this fact leads even to some omissions of references to these holy mysteries in the translations. The result is, at times, an unrelieved picture of grosser sins.

Further, since these penitentials were manuals for the use of the clergy, their composition was adapted to that end. Pedagogically sound is the principle: spend more

time in explaining what your readers would not know normally. The presence, then, of extensive chapters on magical practices is thus rendered understandable. More cannot be discussed here. In conclusion, the work of Dr. McNeill has countless commendable features. Dr. Gamer's contribution is excellent. This reviewer hopes that the evident sincerity of Dr. McNeill will one day bring him to the point where he can see more stars, less sand. Then he will know that Christianity is not merely an historical phenomenon.

JOHN P. HARAN

PURITANISM IN ITS FORMATION

TUDOR PURITANISM. By M. M. Knappen. University of Chicago Press. \$4

IN 1524 William Tyndale left London for Germany to prepare an English translation of the Bible. This open defiance of ecclesiastical and secular law may be looked upon as the first step in the development of Puritanism. From this point Dr. Knappen traces the history of the movement through the reigns of Henry VIII and the other Tudor sovereigns, when the policy of the new party was one of passive resistance to obstruction and persecution by the royal government. To round out the story he adds a chapter on Puritanism under the early Stuarts when the policy of open and active resistance to interference by Church or State replaced the milder attitude.

Thus, about two thirds of this volume are given over to a study of the origins of Puritanism, the period of formation, the unequal struggle with secular and ecclesiastical opponents, and the gradual drift into secularism; the other third is an analysis of the Puritan understanding of various intellectual, social and cultural phases of life, and an appraisal of its influence. Throughout the volume Puritan signifies "those English Protestants who actively favored a reformation beyond that which the crown was willing to countenance and who yet stopped short of Anabaptism."

Since the turn of the century many books have been written about Puritans and Puritanism. This volume takes its place among the best. While the author frankly admits his bias in favor of Puritanism, he expresses the belief that this predilection has not betrayed him into an unfair interpretation of the sources. In general we subscribe to the belief of the writer; for, while he is always sympathetic towards Puritan leaders and ideas, he is not blind to merit in their foes, nor does he overlook or minimize the limitations of the system and its adherents. A happy combination of sympathy and sincerity pervades the printed page. Praise and censure are meted out without fear or partisanship. The inconsistencies, intransigence and factious wrangling of individuals and classes are not glossed over, but are honestly and clearly depicted.

The myth that the Puritan was the champion of democracy is shattered. The treatment of Mary Tudor and her half-sister Elizabeth are refreshing contrasts to the caricatures which long passed for truth. There is no denunciation of "bloody Mary," no eulogy of "the Virgin Queen"; indeed nowhere do we find these hackneyed characterizations. Another instance of Dr. Knappen's scholarly approach is his frank criticism of the blind opposition of the Puritans to the Council of Trent. Errors occur, but it is apparent that they are traceable to the author's unfamiliarity with, or misunderstanding of, Catholic belief and practice. Had he consulted a Catho-

lic theologian on all such points he would have enhanced his work appreciably, for he would not have called the Mass and penance "peripheral doctrines" of Christianity, or the doctrine of prohibited degrees of relationship "chicanery."

Tudor Puritanism is the production of a scholar for scholars, but the casual reader will find its perusal well worth-while. Dr. Knappen writes interestingly; he knows how to clothe the bare bones of history with flesh and blood. There is a freshness about the narrative, and occasional flashes of humor enliven the story.

CHARLES H. METZGER

ARTHUR TRAIN MINUS MR. TUTT

MY DAY IN COURT. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

ASSOCIATION of this author with Mr. Tutt is inevitable and may prove to be somewhat misleading. Most people will maintain justly that Mr. Tutt's creation and evolution is product rich enough for any pen and will fail to appreciate the brilliant diversity in subject matter and treatment that Mr. Train evinces in a series of Tuttless novels and magazine articles. In this, his latest offering, he comments shrewdly and honestly on the two outstanding phases of his own career, his experiences as a lawyer and his vocation as a writer. The book is not autobiography in any strict sense, but it is revealing in a wholesome, witty, very human rehearsal of an episode-crowded life. Strange experiences left their mark on him and molded his well-rounded sense of appreciation. Boston's Back Bay, Harvard, Bar Harbor, New York's prosecuting attorney's offices and dingy courts, Africa, Greece, the Balkans, Italy, England can witness to his insatiable curiosity, his tireless stalking of a fact, his eager quest for mood, manner, background, authority.

Due to the fact that Mr. Train never cared particularly for the law, and did feel the persistent urge to write, his two avenues of life soon converged, and his experience as a lawyer was pressed into service to feed and satisfy his literary appetite.

The book is refreshingly straightforward. Keen analyst of men and reputations, literature and jurisprudence, Mr. Train's self-appraisal is honest and humble, his hierarchies of the great in letters are distinctive, his own choice modestly recorded. In his series of character portrayals, tributes to friends, in his apposite characterizations, his sensitive reactions to the ludicrous and dramatic, his biting attacks on political dishonesty and sham, he is a genial, fun-loving, decisive critic, true to his family and tradition, and reminiscent of his own Ephraim Tutt. He could have been a sensational scandalmonger or a sarcastic apostle of uplift, because he saw the seamy side of life in all its dreary patterns, and he was rich in opportunity, backing and ability to work. But, happily, he was too big for these superficial outlets for zeal.

What he has and what he prizes is bigger and immeasurably better. He has a deep understanding of the individual man's value. He has pierced the disguises even of sordid crime and uncontrolled passion, and discovered the inherent human dignity that so surely images God. And it was this valued discovery that showed him the limitations of human law and justice, that created for him the misty figure that stood beside each fearful or defiant delinquent and pleaded with silent eloquence for the higher Justice and the truer Mercy. This shadow took literary substance as Mr. Tutt, and it speaks for Mr. Train in all the honest perspectives of life, in his genial and entirely unafraid criticism of the passing show, and finally, in the steady and sure judgment that man is dependent and God is good.

RAYMOND J. MCINNIS

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

CATHOLICS AND SCHOLARSHIP. Edited by John A. O'Brien. *Our Sunday Visitor*. \$2.50

TO what extent a mere legend can entrench itself, is shown by this symposium edited by Father John A. O'Brien, Professor in the Newman Foundation of the University of Illinois. The legend is that, now accepted as almost axiomatic, that Catholicism and Scholarship long ago were divorced *a mensa et thoro*, which is flying in the face of history and fact and commonsense.

There are twenty contributors to the symposium, which is divided into five sections: An Open Forum; Research Workers Speak; Social Scientists Speak; Educators Speak; Litterateurs Speak. And as the speakers are specialists in their subjects, these chapters give a sound trustworthy account of what is being done.

Now this book is written not to demolish a legend, but to state facts. Its purpose is really to survey what Catholic scholarship has done in the United States. The contributors are not puffed up with vainglory—indeed, they are inclined to be critical about what has been done in this country. But it is an encouraging book; and if it does not conduce to boasting, neither need it cause American Catholic scholarly achievement to feel an inferiority complex. There is a Preface by the Archbishop of Cincinnati and an Introduction by the Bishop of Pittsburgh.

HENRY WATTS

THE ADVENTURE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMIN. By Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

WITH fifty-six pages of interesting prologue the stage is set for our acquaintance with Christopher and his adventure. He lives in the little town of Green Plains and has been married for twenty-one years to the too charming Alice. Years before, perhaps, he had been in love with her but now, in his humility, his feeling for her is "a blend of worship and obligation." Though put upon and trampled upon, he never rebelled until she forced him to attend a lecture and then proceeded to "take up" the lecturer and ensconced him in Christopher's study for a short but endless visit and finally let him make love to her on a lofty, literary plane. The worm turned and Christopher, in the one drastic move of his life, burned his bridges and set sail for distant shores. His adventure carried him to London, Cornwall, the Continent; on the adventure, he finds friendly relatives, an antique statue, fame, Sophie and, most important of all, himself.

We highly recommend this book for light, romantic reading. The characters are persons; sharply niched, they are always interesting and for the most part, amusing. There is a fine undercurrent throughout of quiet, clever humor, the sort which makes one smile and chuckle; and though tinged with irony, the sting is brief and harmless. There is a divorce but it is a decidedly side issue and I suppose that we should not complain as long as the divorce remains in the realm of fiction. Personally, I would have preferred the solution of a swift, fatal accident for sweet Alice. A. J. SHEEHAN

THE DRAGON WAKES. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. William Morrow and Co. \$2

"IT was the unanimous opinion of the foreign residents I met in China that the war had gone further to cement the unity of China than the twenty-five previous years of civil strife." Thus writes the author, a Pulitzer prize-winner in 1933 for distinguished foreign correspondence, after a personal investigation of the battleground of the Sino-Japanese struggle in 1938. His book appeared first in England under the title *Mowrer in China*.

Because there is an awakening of Chinese national consciousness, and because Japan is not succeeding in "occupying" any more territory than she can protect with troops, Mr. Mowrer definitely thinks that Japan cannot win. With superior equipment and larger trained

armies, Japan can always win a pitched battle. But the Chinese are learning to avoid such—their obvious strategy is to retreat, until Japan dare not follow, and meanwhile to wage a guerilla warfare that is both physically and morally exhausting to the invader.

The book is both interesting and on the whole credible, although Mr. Mowrer's sources are mostly second-hand. He saw next to nothing of China's military organization, nor did he witness any fighting. Few will find the book the equal of *Germany Puts Back the Clock*, his former journalistic triumph.

ROBERT A. HEWITT

A PECULIAR TREASURE. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3

RECENT persecution of the Jews in Germany and elsewhere has most likely colored this autobiography of Edna Ferber. She has been all her life unashamedly a Jew, "inordinately proud" of the fact, she confesses. And so, though she loves America—every foot of it—for its intrinsic beauty and variety, her love of it seems now intensified by the sad story of Jews in other lands. She loves also her art—or is it a craft?—so much so that for over thirty years she cannot recall a single day when she did not do some writing. But now in this story of her own life and of the books she has written, thoughts of freedom and tolerance and democracy move her pen almost as much as the memories she is trying to recall.

A small-town child of the Middle West, Miss Ferber left school early to work as a newspaper reporter. Illness abruptly, and happily, halted her journalistic career. From the sheer ennui of convalescence she turned to writing short stories, and almost from the first was the recipient of editorial letters begging for more. Her success as a novelist and a playwright needs no comment. She has found the profession lucrative, exciting, gay, but never "amusing." Her description of writing is noteworthy. It is to her a combination of "ditch-digging, mountain-climbing, treadmill and childbirth."

The book answers many interesting questions:—How does one go about writing a novel? Is writing a matter of inspiration or perspiration? What kind of people populate the literary world? There stands revealed, too, in these pages an honest, industrious, intelligent American Jew of our day. The pity is that to a woman of such discernment and spirit only the passing things of time seem important. She is without religious convictions of any kind.

ROBERT A. HEWITT

THE UNVEILING OF TIMBUCKOO. By Galbraith Welch. William Morrow and Co. \$3.50

OVER 100 years ago a French peasant boy, René Caillie, turned his back on a quiet and secure life in provincial Mauze and raised his face to the hard and hazardous road that would carry him eventually into the fabled land of Timbuctoo. In *The Unveiling of Timbuctoo*, Galbraith Welch accurately traces Caillie throughout this journey; interweaving skilfully the sensuous, exotic beauties of Africa and her people with the deeper and more sobering strands of intense physical suffering.

Dominated by the sole ambition to conquer inaccessible Timbuctoo and reveal to a curious world the dark splendor of its secrets, Caillie irrevocably forfeited all to realize his ambition. Tortures of heat and thirst, revolting food, savage companions, crudities of life and manners exacted their terrible toll from the adventurer. Every page of this remarkable journey portrays the man jealous of life but not too jealous of it to risk it in the accomplishment of his dream. After his return trip across the wrinkled face of the Sahara, Caillie, scarred in body but exultant in spirit, returned to France to thrill his countrymen with an authentic story which to many of them seemed incredible.

In the hands of Galbraith Welch this life story has been molded into an absorbing book, written with sympathy and understanding and with a sincere love of his subject. We find it difficult to understand, however, why the author should lapse at times from the singular nobility of his main concern into incidental reflections which would be better omitted.

M. G. PIERCE

THEATRE

HENRY IV. It was only in the hope of getting over the first fine frenzy of enthusiasm and of writing with dignified restraint that this reviewer waited so long to take up the matter of Maurice Evans' performance and production of *Henry IV*. The delay has not helped. Here we are, wishing we could coin some beautiful new shining words worthy of the occasion, but quite willing to use all the old ones over again if necessary. For in very truth there has not been anything better than *Henry IV* on our stage, and nothing else as good since Evans' *Hamlet* and *Richard II*.

To mention a few *Henry IV* highlights, there is first of all the perfection of the production, which has all the simple and dignified beauty to which Mr. Evans accustomed us in *Richard* and in *Hamlet*. Then there is the rare perfection of Margaret Webster's direction, in itself both a revelation and a revolution in staging. Nothing better and few things as good could be offered us. Added to this production and this staging is the work of a company so able themselves, and so inspired by their leader, that they leave us nothing to wish for in personality and acting. Next to Mr. Evans himself, Mady Christians and Henry Edwards were featured from the opening performance; but in a few nights it became clear that here was a company whose every member was up on his dramatic toes and giving the best he had in him. Here was a company that was making theatrical history.

Henry Edwards made it, as King Henry, as was expected. Evans made it as Falstaff, of course, though even his admirers were hardly prepared for the perfection of the interpretation and, least of all, for the actual charm and magnetism the actor succeeded in giving to the character of the old rogue. But Edmund O'Brien as the Prince of Wales, and Wesley Addy as Hotspur, gave us two of the most satisfying surprises of the season. We knew they were capital actors. We had not realized till we saw them in these rôles how capable they were not only of playing their big parts but of adding stature and brilliance to them. As for Miss Christians, she is doing the best acting of her career as Hotspur's wife, and every spectator in the theatre knows it.

But of course it is the Maurice Evans Falstaff that holds the stage when the actor is off it as well as when he is on it. His personality sweeps through the production like a bracing wind. There is no moment of it in which the audience is not amused, or excited or thrilled, or all three. In short, why not admit that no theatre-lover can afford to miss *Henry IV*—and just let it go at that.

SHAKESPEARE AND ABBOTT. The biggest laugh in *The Boys From Syracuse* rolled over this country when George Abbott gave that new title to William Shakespeare's old *Comedy of Errors*, and had Richard Rodgers and Lorenzo Hart "pep it up" with music and lyrics to appeal to 1939 taste. Incidentally, Mr. Abbott rewrote every line in the Comedy but one. As that one falls on the startled ear at each performance Jimmy Savo pops out of the wings to call the audience's particular attention to it.

When Shakespeare went in for the broad humor of the Elizabethan age he balked at little. Rewriting him today, Mr. Abbott balks at nothing. So New York is offered and has accepted an uproarious modern version of the obscene old story, with some good music and good acting thrown in by a company of comedians headed by Savo. A much-needed antiseptic quality is furnished by the music, some of which, notably the trio *Sing For Your Supper*, is charming.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

EVENTS

LET FREEDOM RING. Hollywood waves the flag in an unblushing burst of Fourth of July enthusiasm throughout this inspired melodrama of the 1860's and director Jack Conway has so combined the patriotic pyrotechnics that one is swept along in a ferment of excitement. In skeleton it is patterned after the familiar Western, but touched by the true spirit of George M. Cohan it rises above a strained plot and finds its climax in a stirring rendition of *America*. A young man, out of college in the East, pits his guile against that of the railroad barons, who are grabbing ranchlands, by toadying to the worst of them until he can reveal his true purpose and stop the seizures by the power of a free press. The historical background of the picture emphasizes the heterogeneous forces which contributed to the building of this nation and offers an apt lesson to those who stand too much on nationalities in the present. Nelson Eddy creates a hero of wavering outlines but the script is somewhat at fault for that; his singing is splendid through folk ballads and national hymns. The excellent cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Edward Arnold and Guy Kibbee. It is refreshing to find so forthright a pleasure in patriotism in a day of divided loyalties and distinctions in democracy. (MGM)

WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND. A career, rather than a third person, stands at the apex of the triangle in this domestic comedy. The tale is freshly rendered and comes with more airiness than one might expect from James Cain's heavy pen, for which we may thank the fact that Gregory Ratoff's comedy talents are translated into facile direction for the occasion. The routine complications, which part husband and wife, are pointed up by a measure of satire, directed against artificially cultivated singers, as a young matron is flattered onto the concert stage by her proud mother. In retaliation, her contractor husband discovers his own baritone and only stern disillusionment saves the couple from lasting unhappiness. Loretta Young and Warner Baxter lend the proper note of charm and plausible vanity to the chief rôles with Helen Westley, Binnie Barnes, George Barbier and Cesar Romero making the most of gentle caricatures. The film recommends itself as an amusing drawing-room piece for the entertainment of worldly adults. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

FAST AND LOOSE. The rare book business is more fun than any of us has ever suspected if the incidents which compose this combination detective thriller and polite comedy are at all typical. When he sets out to purchase an original Shakespeare manuscript, the book agent hero is plunged into a family scandal which spawns murders at every turn. The owner's wayward son provides the chief suspect until the amateur detective unveils the mystery for the bewildered police. Edwin Marin inherits this second film in the series with considerable grace. Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are excellently cast in whimsical rôles. This is versatile entertainment for adults. (MGM)

KING OF THE TURF. A racetrack background lends most of the color and interest to this slight tale of a man's regeneration. Alfred Green's direction points up a few climactic bits, including the inevitable horserace, but the story is uneven and suffers from abrupt changes of pace. Adolphe Menjou portrays a down-at-heels breeder who strikes up a partnership with a jockey, later to discover that he is his own son. The conclusion is theatrical but effective in its rejection of the obvious maudlin happy ending. Roger Daniell and Dolores Costello help out in a fairly good adult melodrama. (United Artists)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

PROFESSOR Bridgman of Harvard announced he would not permit visitors from totalitarian States to visit his laboratory. To prospective visitors who are citizens of dictatorships he hands a printed statement giving them the gate in a polite way. . . . These persons are not free individuals, he maintains, and they "may be compelled to engage in any activity whatever to advance the purposes" of their State. . . . His statement declares: "Cessation of scientific intercourse with the totalitarian States serves the double purpose of making more difficult the misuse of scientific information by these States and of giving the individual opportunity to express his abhorrence of their practices. . . . Perhaps the only hope in the present situation is to make the citizens of the totalitarian States realize as vividly and as speedily as possible how the philosophy of their States impresses and affects the rest of the world. Such a realization can be brought about by the spontaneous action of the individual citizens of the non-totalitarian States perhaps even more effectively than by their governments." . . . On the other hand, Professor Pitirim Sorokin, of Harvard's Sociology Department, feels that Professor Bridgman is going about the thing in the wrong fashion. Instead of giving students and citizens from the dictatorships the bum's rush, Professor Sorokin would welcome them to his classes with the view of invigorating their minds with democratic principles.

A little thought would seem to indicate that Professor Bridgman's approach is the more effective. . . . Before instilling democratic principles it is necessary to fill totalitarian minds with disgust for their own forms of government. . . . If an impressive number of private individuals in the United States would forcibly and publicly show their detestation of firing squads and torture chambers, the citizens of Russia would no doubt begin to dislike firing squads and torture chambers too. . . . If Germans and Italians were convinced that Americans hated concentration camps, they would doubtless commence to hate concentration camps also. . . . If citizens of Syria (Syrians are ruled by an iron fist imposed on them against their will by France) and citizens of India (Indians are governed by sharp bayonets sent to them against their will by Great Britain) heard that Americans despised iron-fisted rule, it would not be long before they would despise it too. (Professor Bridgman, no doubt through a secretary's error, does not include Britain and France among the iron-fisted). . . . Professor Bridgman's door-shutting policy should be copied by Americans everywhere. . . . When delicatessen store proprietors find visiting Syrians, Hindus, Russians, Germans, Italians nosing around their counters, they should refuse to sell them spaghetti, sausages, pretzels, anything at all. Before commencing to lather facial stubble, barbers should find out where the face came from. Garbagemen could contribute materially to the campaign by allowing garbage to accumulate in front of houses occupied by visitors from dictatorships. Taxi drivers could have denunciatory statements printed to hand to totalitarians about to enter their cabs. . . . Flaming publicity should be given to each American who booted a totalitarian out of a store or trolley or cab—as much publicity as was given Professor Bridgman. . . . Big black headlines: "Zbinbrwck, American Produce Merchant, Denies Visiting Syrians Right to Purchase Tomatoes," or "Jennsen, Taxi Driver, Orders Hindus Out of Cab," would encourage other Americans to enter the campaign. . . . This movement would undoubtedly put an end to all dictatorships. . . . Either that or the visitors would stop visiting. . . . If they should discontinue their visits, some other method of ending iron-fisted rule could be found.

THE PARADER